

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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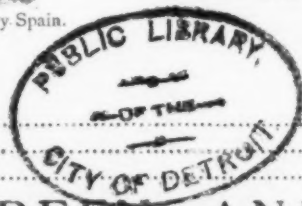
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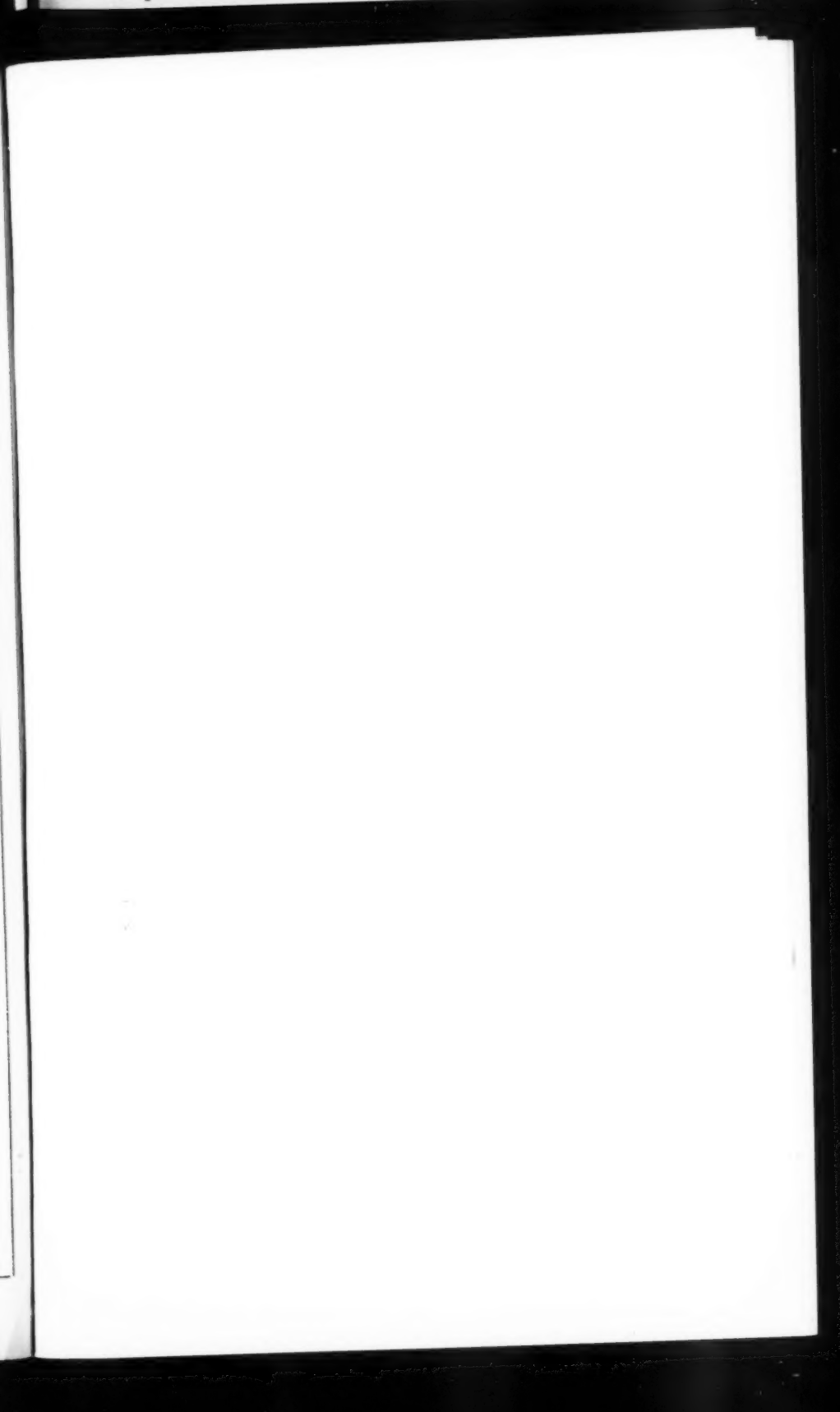
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THE CARDINAL IN HIS LAST YEAR





The Life of Cardinal Newman.

WE have had to wait long for Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Newman*, but now that it is in our hands we must feel that the time taken in preparing it has not been excessive, considering the enormous amount of materials which had to be collected and examined, and the careful thought which must have been required to arrive at a just interpretation of its purport, and then present the result in a vivid and convincing form. When we have had time to digest these two big volumes, we shall need to say more about them, but they have only just reached us, and for the moment we must be content to record a few first impressions. Mr. Ward's task was a difficult one, for the Cardinal's character was very delicately chased, and its reaction was most subtle to the pressure upon it of the long series of outward events which one after another rose up to impede the accomplishment of a life mission, to which he deemed himself specially called. Then, too, it was impossible to view him apart from the other leading personalities, a strong affection for whom, born of past intimacies, still lingered, and tightened the cruel strain of present oppositions. It is a biographer's function to form estimates and pass judgments on those who tread the stage of his portion of history, yet in a case like the present, all the more after the irritation caused fifteen years ago by the inconsiderately written *Life of Cardinal Manning*, it was difficult to be impartial without inflicting pain on the surviving partizans of either side. All these difficulties, however, Mr. Ward has overcome, as it seems to us, if not completely, at all events, with remarkable success. It will be for those whose intimacy with Newman was close and continuous, to judge how far, in some particulars, this biography has estimated him correctly, but there can, we imagine, be no doubt that, as a whole, it portrays him truly and to the life. Mr. Ward has been chary of explicit judgments, preferring rather to set forth the facts and give documents, and

then let them tell their own tale of what was distinctive in the Cardinal's personality, in the objects he was pursuing, in the motives that dictated his action, adding only such explanations as were essential to a true understanding of them; doing the same for those brought into opposition to Newman, so far as his materials allowed, and throughout showing insight and sympathy, and carefully preserving himself from that temptation to pass over personal defects which is not uncommon in biographers but defeats its object by substituting thin abstractions for full-blooded realities. We should like also to express our feeling that he has carefully avoided the pitfall of reading into his interpretation of the Cardinal's mind an attitude towards controversies which had not then appeared above the horizon; he has been remarkably objective in this respect. Of the book's merits as an artistic production, we may predict that it is likely to rank high in the general literature of the country as the biography of a great Englishman, but as an accession to the history of the Catholic Revival, and a vindication of the leader who took so notable a part in promoting it, it will be of inestimable value to Catholic readers.

The Anglican portion of the Life Mr. Ward disposes of in a single chapter. This was perhaps necessary, lest the work should grow to an excessive size; but it is also explained by the character of the treatment, for it is a biography "based on Newman's private judgments and correspondence," whereas most of the letters belonging to the Anglican period have been already published by Miss Ann Mozley, and in place of private journals we have the Cardinal's own matchless record of his thoughts and experiences in the *Apologia*. Another reason for the omission is that it is at the Cardinal's own desire that his present biographer has not added to the record given in these letters and in the *Apologia*. This last reason was, of course, final for Mr. Ward. We may regret all the same that the omission should have been necessary. Newman's life, of all others, is one which, if we are to grasp the unity of purpose that pervades it, we must trace back to its root, yet in so tracing it back we are at a disadvantage if we cannot find a corresponding unity of view in the writer who is to be our guide.

In the absence of a more detailed account, the biographer has, in an introductory chapter, indicated the character of this unity of purpose. Soon after he had graduated at Oxford,

Newman became intimate not only with Whateley, Copleston, Hawkins, and others, but with the ex-priest, Blanco White, who had lost his faith and drifted into Rationalism. With the latter, who called him his Oxford Plato, he had many discussions on fundamental questions, the effect of which was for the time to divert his thoughts towards theological Liberalism, and eventually to make him realize, as a serious danger to religion, this new intellectual force then in its infancy, but capable of becoming very potent with the advance of time. But how counteract its growing influence? As Mr. Ward puts it:

He turned to the thought of those to whom in the past the supernatural world had been the great source of inspiration. There had been great minds in the past whom spiritual gifts had protected from the one-sidedness of intellectualism. To these he looked for guidance. There arose again the vision of the Church of the early Fathers, which he has described as a "paradise of delight" to him. . . . In their career and writings he saw religion in action, moulding the world and capturing men's hearts. The obvious living representative in his eyes of the Church of the Fathers, enfeebled indeed, but still capable of restitution, was the Church of his birth.

Under the influence of this thought he was led on to feel that a special mission in life had been assigned to him. The urgent need of the time was that the Church of the land should be roused from her baneful slumbers, and moved to recover her dogmatic faith, to stir up the spiritual gifts that were in her still as of old so that she might renew in the hearts of her children that religion in action, that testimony of holy lives, which was the really convincing proof of the truth of religion and the sure preservative against the perils of scepticism. It was to work for this restoration of Church life that the young divine, whose talents were then beginning to attract the attention of all Oxford, conceived himself called. The Oxford Movement, destined to effect an elevation of doctrinal and spiritual tone in the whole character of Anglican religious life, and even to turn the eyes of many towards the Catholic Church, was the first fruit of his apostolate. Others collaborated, but from him came the initial impulse, and his in that early stage was the sustaining spirit. It was a wonderful work for one man to have wrought.

But soon came the time when his very advocacy of these principles slowly but surely revealed to him, not that they

were unsound in themselves, but that the Anglican Church was incapable of assimilating them. Elsewhere he must look for the living representative of that Church of the Fathers which had a power of witness that was not of earth. Mr. Ward retells once more the well-known story beginning from his first suspicions, broached to Henry Wilberforce in 1839, that he might find it his duty to join the Roman Catholic Church, through the doubts and hesitations of the three following years, through the retirement and ponderings at Littlemore, and ending in his final reception into the Church by Father Dominic in 1845. His reception was followed by a blessed sense of security, which afterwards he described in the *Apologia* as the lasting happiness of coming into port after a rough sea. And it is very noticeable in this subsequent life that, harassed as he was with troubles, and deeply as he realized the difficulties against Catholicism by which others were tried, his own faith remained ever as firm as a rock.

I have not had one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ; and I have ever had, and have still an unclouded faith in her worship, discipline, and teaching; and an eager longing, and a hope against hope, that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness.

So he wrote in 1862 to a newspaper which reported the foolish rumour that he was returning to Anglicanism, and in the end of his days we find him very beautifully testifying to the same effect:

Who can have dared [he writes to Mr. Spurrier in December, 1886] to say that I am disappointed with the Church of Rome. I say "dared," because I have never uttered or written, or thought, or felt the very shadow of disappointment. I believe it to be a human institution as well as divine, and so far as it is human it is open to the faults of human nature; but if, because I think with others that its rulers have sometimes erred as fallible men, I therefore think it has failed, such logic won't hold; indeed, it is the wonderful anticipation in our Lord's and St. Paul's teaching, of apparent failure [and real] success in the times after them, which has ever been one of my strong arguments for believing them divine messengers.

Still the drama of his Catholic life might be deemed a tragedy, were it not for the serenity of its close, and this precisely because his sense of a mission in life was as strong within him as ever, and made him crave to do some great work for God in his new sphere. For the first seven years of this new period there were no *contretemps*, at all events, none to speak of. He and his companions were welcomed by Catholics of all classes, clergy and laity, at home and abroad, and great things were expected from them. Of course the first thing was to determine what should be their personal mode of life, and the correspondence given by Mr. Ward records by what means, having first studied some theology at the Propaganda and received the priesthood, they chose the Oratory, which they introduced into England, at Birmingham, in 1849, and in the same year, as an offshoot from Birmingham, in King William Street, Strand. It was during this period that the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, and those on the *Present Position of Catholics in England*, were published, and caused great delight to the Catholics of those days, who now knew that they had a champion that could make himself felt in their cause. At this time, too, came the Achilli trial. It caused Newman infinite worry and anxiety, all the more because Cardinal Wiseman had mislaid the papers on which his *Dublin Review* article against Achilli had been based; and did not seem to realize the importance of finding them. The issue of the trial was recognized even by the *Times* to be a grave miscarriage of justice, and the costs were enormous. But all turned out well in the end, for the Catholics of the world soon made up the necessary amount, and the outcome was a victory not a defeat, and an important service done to the Church, for it brought out the true character of the class of slanderous apostates of whom Achilli was the type, and discredited them for ever in the eyes of intelligent Protestants.

In 1851 he was invited by Archbishop Cullen to take charge, as Rector, of the proposed Catholic University of Dublin. His acute mind realized at once the difficulties inherent in such a project, but the idea appealed to him as consonant with his desire to improve the quality of Catholic higher education. Was this to be the great work of his life? The project had the blessing of the Pope, and his suggested part in it was pressed upon him by the whole hierarchy. He would enter on it, therefore, with the whole authority and

moral force of the Church at his back, and he accepted it, and strove with all his energy to make it a success. But the difficulties he feared proved to be real. The Irish laity were opposed to the scheme; the English Catholic parents could not be induced to send their children to it. The Bishops grew cool about it, and Dr. Cullen's long delays and silences were a mystery, and his disposition to reserve all the professorships exclusively for the clergy was opposed entirely to Newman's conception of what was desirable. It was clear that nothing was left for Newman but to resign the Rectorship and withdraw from the scheme. This he did at the end of 1856. But he withdrew with a sense of disappointment. This was not to be the opportunity of working for God on which he had counted. Yet he was past middle life and his buoyancy was gone. Besides the disappointment was the more bitter because it had been announced, and he had been officially informed, that he was to be raised to the episcopate. This had been distinctly told him by Cardinal Wiseman, but nothing was done to carry out the intention signified. He did not care for the honour in itself, declaring it to be the sort of honour he disliked; but its withdrawal in this inexplicable way seemed to imply that he was mistrusted at Rome. In August, 1857, on his return to England, he was invited by Cardinal Wiseman, with the concurrence of the then recent Provincial Council, to undertake a new English translation of the Bible. This perhaps was the great work he was meant to accomplish, and he accepted it cordially, as blessed by the source from which it came. He set to work at once to get a body of translators together, incurring much expense by so doing. He had even got the Cardinal's approval of his translators, and caused them to begin work. Then the difficulties began to appear. Archbishop Kenrick was engaged in a similar undertaking, and the American Bishops wrote to deprecate English competition. It was for Cardinal Wiseman to deal with this *impasse*, but fertile as he was in initiation, he was apt to drop his schemes when they ceased to interest him, and then to leave in the lurch those whom he had engaged to help him. He was well-intentioned, but not orderly in his habits. So Newman was faced with a fresh disappointment. And others were to follow of a more serious kind. The *Rambler* had been founded in 1848 with the intention that it should minister to the needs of intellectual Catholics. Capes was its first editor, Simpson its first sub-editor and afterwards second

editor, and Sir John Acton made frequent use of its pages to give expression to the views he shared with Dr. Döllinger. Newman felt an interest in it because of its general aim, and of the high quality of its articles. But these writers got out of hand, and ventilated some heterodox theories, besides claiming to set very narrow limits to episcopal authority. This brought them into trouble with the Bishops and scandalized Catholics generally. Newman was asked to intervene to save the periodical from censure, but his intervention brought him under fire from both sides, and eventually caused an article by himself—one whose purpose was to plead indulgence and partial justification for the offending contributors—to be delayed to Rome, by Bishop Brown, of Newport. In the sense in which Newman intended it, it was innocent enough, but it was susceptible of an unsound sense, and in this it was inconsiderately taken. The result was to place him "under a cloud." Even some of his warmest former friends of the past became thenceforth suspicious of his orthodoxy, and strained relations between them resulted. It can be imagined how, with his conviction that he could do little that would be of service to Catholicism unless it were known that he had the confidence of the Church authorities, he took this to heart; he felt that it had paralyzed his hand; and that it had made such a life's work as he desired no longer possible.

Then a ray of sunlight beamed on him from a different quarter. Charles Kingsley's unpleasant criticisms on him in *Macmillan's Magazine* led to a public controversy between them, and opened out the way for that splendid vindication of his past career which formed the subject of the *Apologia*. Its appearance had an almost instant effect in transforming public opinion concerning him. We can remember well that time, and Mr. Ward is not exaggerating when he says, in the summary of the results produced,

[the *Apologia*] won the heart of England. Middle-aged men long separated from him, but who once sat at his feet at Oxford, now came forward to tell a world that had forgotten him all that the name "Newman" meant. . . . Thenceforth, John Henry Newman was a great figure in the eyes of his countrymen, English Catholics were grateful to him and proud of having for their champion one of whom the country itself had become suddenly proud as a great writer and a spiritual genius. He had a large following within the Catholic Church, who hung on his words as his Oxford disciples had done thirty years earlier. Opposition in influential quarters continued. But his supporters among

the Bishops stood their ground, and the battle was on far more equal terms than heretofore.

This change of tone towards him had a bracing effect on his spirits. He states in his journal that "his success put him in spirits to look out for new works." The Act abolishing the tests had opened the Universities to others besides Anglicans, and some Catholic parents had taken advantage of the opportunity to send their sons there. For educational reasons this was a good step, but the danger to faith for young Catholics breathing the Protestant, and now Liberal, atmosphere of Oxford and Cambridge was undoubted. Newman saw his way to a good work he thought he might undertake. He was strongly against mixed education for young Catholics in itself, for he felt the gravity of the danger. His ideal was of such a Catholic University as flourished at Louvain. But this, especially after the Irish failure, seemed impracticable, and in lieu of it, if the Catholic youth of the upper classes were to have any higher education at all, they must have it in a mixed University. Might he not then be rendering a signal service to the young Catholics at Oxford, and through them to others whose religious convictions were in peril, by settling down in their midst to be their guide and support? Did not the position he now held in the country specially fit him for the post? Somewhat falling in with these ideas, Bishop Ullathorne offered him the Catholic mission at Oxford and he at once bought some land, and set to work to collect money for building a suitable church and house. But once more there was a lion in his path. At Rome, Pius IX. had resolutely set himself against mixed education for Catholics, and was applying this policy everywhere. It was necessary, therefore, to discourage this disposition of parents to send their children to Oxford, yet would not Newman's presence in the town cause them to think that under the shadow of his influence the danger would cease? This, as transpired afterwards from an audience which FF. Ambrose St. John and Henry Bittleston had in 1867, with Pius IX., was the sole motive why it was wished at Rome that he should not be a constant resident at Oxford, though they were prepared to allow him to set up an Oratory there, and staff it with some other Oratorian Fathers. It was not from any mistrust of his personal loyalty and orthodoxy, but just because

he was so great. There were others, however, at home, who were suspicious of him, and a report got about, and a quite unauthorized announcement was made in a newspaper, that he had been inhibited from going to Oxford. This was intolerable, but it turned out that Bishop Ullathorne had been instructed from Rome that the Oxford Oratory might be allowed, but that, if Newman showed any disposition to transfer his own residence there, he was to be *blande et suaviter* dissuaded. Of course he withdrew the Oxford scheme, for he was always obedient to any signification of Church authority, but naturally, when he heard of this condition, he put the two things together and felt himself sorely used. He was conscious of the purity of his motive, yet he was always being mistrusted. If only he had been told straight out why it was thought best that he personally should not be at Oxford, just as Father Ambrose St. John was told afterwards, how easily this distressing misunderstanding could have been avoided.

In 1865 the *Eirenicon* came out, and Newman, among others, answered it. Dr. Pusey distinguished between the Church's official doctrine on our Lady and the Saints and on the infallibility of the Church, and the doctrine, as he conceived it, practically held on these subjects, which was full of gross exaggerations and yet was never reprov'd by the Holy See. It was this, he contended, which formed the greatest obstacle to reunion. Newman answered him with great tenderness, agreed with him in disliking the extravagant language which some Catholics used in their devotions, regretted that his *Eirenicon* had been received with such indignation, but reminded him that his own language was partly to blame, for his *Eirenicon* was an olive-branch shot out of a catapult. This pamphlet, and still more, the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, published in 1874, which was in some respects a continuation of it, were much appreciated by the English Catholics, and elicited from the most various quarters expressions of gratitude which gave him much pleasure. Two other controversies in which he was involved during this stage of his life were those arising out of the views expressed in the *Grammar of Assent* (1870) as to the nature of Religious Certitude, and those arising out of the Vatican definition of Papal Infallibility. To dwell on these now would take us too far afield. The former offers indeed an instructive subject for discussion at some future date, but it is enough to take note of it now, as having increased his troubles by seeming to some

to be irreconcilable with the approved philosophy of the Schools. As regards the latter, it is well-known that Newman often declared himself able to assent to the doctrine of Infallibility itself, but he disliked much the idea of its being defined, lest it should prove too great a trial of faith to some others. This is the fundamental fact which must be borne in mind by those who wish to understand his action during a time when misunderstandings abounded on either side, and feeling ran high. Perhaps Newman himself was not free from the misunderstandings then current. Whatever ideas the gossips and publicists on either side, or even some members of what we may call the official opposition, may have had of the species of infallibility proposed for definition, the theologians as a body, as their works testify, understood the doctrine only in the sense which the definition eventually sanctioned, and in this sense Newman, and many others who thought with him, afterwards acknowledged it to be reasonable and moderate, and besides to give formal expression only to principles on which the Popes had invariably acted, and the faithful had consistently obeyed them. "As to the definition, I grieve you should have been tried by it," he wrote, for instance, to a correspondent in 1871. "The dogma has been acted on by the Holy See for centuries—the only difference is that now it is actually *recognized*." The notion that either Pius IX. or his responsible theological advisers ever thought of claiming for the Popes an infallibility by continuous inspiration, is the merest misconception. We may leave, however, this consideration alone, for the aspect under which in the present article we have been regarding Newman's life, is that of his sense of a personal mission. The proceedings of the Council did undoubtedly add gravely to his distress in this respect, notwithstanding that he loyally submitted to the definition and took much pains to explain and justify it to the perplexed minds that sought his advice. During the next decade, though it was varied by interludes of consolation as when in 1874, the Gladstone controversy evoked so many expressions of esteem, and in 1877, when his old Oxford College of Trinity made him an Honorary Fellow, he passed through a period of deep depression. Apart from his many disappointments, he was growing old, and his friends of long standing were dropping off one after another. Above all, he had lost his *fidus Achates*, Father Ambrose St. John. "What is there to look forward to?" was the thought that would come

as years advanced and strength diminished. The solemn conviction that he must think no more of an earthly future, but prepare to follow his friends who had gone, was never absent from his mind. Yet what he had done as a Catholic seemed as yet so fragmentary, so incomplete, accompanied by so much failure. "And so," says his biographer, "working and praying, sad, yet resigned, he awaited the great summons which he felt might come any day."

Yet, in fact, he had still ten years more to live, and he was now on the eve of an event which was to roll away the clouds for ever from his skies. In the early days of 1879 Bishop Ullathorne sent one day for him to come at once to Oscott. He was in bed with a cold, and Father Pope went in his stead. The news brought back was that Leo XIII. had signified his desire to make him a Cardinal. We need not dwell on the temporary perplexities and even misunderstandings which arose in the first instance. It was a thing he had never dreamt of or ambitioned, nor did he, in the first instance understand how it could be at a time when his advanced age was incompatible with a residence in Rome. But Leo XIII. had no thought of taking him away in his old age from his home in the North, and when that was understood, all went well. The Pope was most cordial; the English Catholics were delighted; the English people were too; and Newman himself "felt," as Father Neville used to say, "almost as though the heavens had opened and the Divine Voice had spoken its approval of him before the whole world."

So solemn an approval of a life's work implies that it was of a character which made it worthy of such approval; and so it was, and so all along it had been recognized to be by all Catholics in England who had eyes to see. As one, reads through this biography, with its ample store of letters, one cannot but own that Cardinal Newman was over-sensitive, and in his over-sensitiveness, saw many things blacker than they really were. It was naturally very trying for him that so many of the works to which he had been invited to set his hands, should prove impossible of accomplishment, but this was not always because the persons whom he suspected of it, were against him personally, or thought there was any doubtful ring in his Catholicism. The Irish University Scheme, for instance, was really hopeless from the first. Dr. Cullen was tiresome, no doubt, in not answering letters, but the question of the ultimate ecclesiastical control of appointments was

a serious one, and if he claimed to exercise it beyond what Newman could agree to, this was not because he was dissatisfied with the latter, for it appears that afterwards, in 1867, when some imputations on his orthodoxy were being made at Rome, Dr. Cullen assured the Holy Father that his writings were perfectly sound. It has been already noted that the wish that he should not reside in Oxford, at least, so far as it emanated from Pius IX. or Cardinal Barnabò, was the result not of any mistrust of him, but of appreciation of him. Again, it seems to have been through his over-sensitiveness that he took so unfavourable a view of what he had been able to accomplish in life. What he might have been able to achieve had all his ventures been allowed a free passage we cannot tell, but that the results he actually did achieve were not so fragmentary and incomplete as he supposed was the general opinion of the multitude who profited by it. Just this was the meaning of the general jubilation with which his *Apologia*, his Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, and his promotion to the Cardinalate were received throughout the country. What caused them to rejoice so effusively was that one from whom they had learnt so much; to whom, perhaps, they owed their conversion; to whose championship they owed a vindication of their action, which they could not have constructed themselves, was receiving something of the recognition to which they held him to be entitled. His work, in fact, was of that very kind which he had all along wished to do, a work tending to confirm and justify religious belief among those living in an atmosphere of religious Liberalism; a work tending to draw men's attention to the living witness of the Church of God as the most stable support of the religious sense; a work again which contributed not a little to direct the minds of Catholics to the necessity of raising the standard of their intellectual education—theological and scientific. It was again a work carried on continuously and progressively, and with increasing success in its results. And finally—though we need not to minimize the value of the work of others, of those particularly whose talents for organization and government were exercised to such advantage for the revival of Catholicism—must we not acknowledge that his work was the most fundamental of all? They organized, he prepared the material for organization. Mr. Ward has brought together many documents which go to support this contention, and fore-

most among them the paper in which the Duke of Norfolk states the reasons which moved him to solicit Newman's promotion to the Cardinalate. But we may sum up his life's work in words which will not be held less conclusive because coming from one whom Cardinal Newman's friends would least suspect of an undue bias in his favour.

In his letter to Cardinal Nina, in which he makes known the desire of the Catholics of England, that the Holy See should manifest by some public and conspicuous act its sense of the singular and unequalled services rendered by Dr. Newman to the Catholic Faith and to the Catholic Church in England, Cardinal Manning states in the following words the nature of these services:

He was the chief agent in the intellectual movement which, in 1833, stirred the University of Oxford towards the Catholic Faith. The fact of his submission to the Church has done more to awaken the minds of Englishmen to the Catholic religion than that of any other man. Many, both directly and indirectly, have been brought by his example to the Catholic Church. His writings, both before and after his conversion, have powerfully contributed to the rise and extension of the Catholic literature in England and wheresoever the English tongue is spoken. The veneration for his powers, his learning, and his life of singular piety and integrity is almost as deeply felt by the non-Catholic population of this country as by the members of the Catholic Church. In the rise and revival of Catholic Faith in England there is no one name which will stand in history with so great a prominence. Nevertheless he has continued for thirty years without any token or mark of the confidence of the Holy See, and this apparent passing over of his great merits has been noted among Catholics and non-Catholics, as implying division among the faithful in England, and some unexplained mistrust of Dr. Newman. . . . Such an act of the Supreme authority of the Holy See would have, it is believed, a powerful effect in demonstrating the unity of the Faith in England and in adding force to the impulse already given by Dr. Newman in his life, writings, and influence to the return of many to the Catholic Church.

One last point. On the general question how far it is becoming to give to the public letters and documents of their own nature most private, including the outpourings of a man's heart before God in which he gives vent to his inmost thoughts, we do not wish now to express an opinion. Personally, we do not like the practice, but it is accepted in these days, and even prescribed as the only right course for a con-

scientious biographer to pursue. We do not therefore blame Mr. Ward, who, in his Introduction, has advanced a quite intelligible justification for publishing so many of Newman's private letters in which he expresses opinions about those whose actions highly displeased him. But it does seem to us most necessary that readers should, if they are not to misjudge the Cardinal's character, be reminded that the effect of such publication is not only to divulge what has been said in private, but by so doing often to change its significance, making appear blameworthy words that in themselves are blameless. There are things which a man may lawfully say in confidence to another whom he thinks he can trust, things that express only the opinion of the moment with the consciousness that they may need to be modified, judgments which are only in course of formation and may turn out afterwards to be rash and needing revision, even judgments on those set over him. This is inevitable, but before such opinions can be lawfully expressed openly, other things have to be considered. For words then should be used with a fuller sense of responsibility, and should take count of the respect due to superiors, or of the rights of others which may not suffer from private confidences, and yet must suffer gravely from words cast abroad.

S. F. S.

The Story of "The Miracle."

FOR more than a month past there has been discussion in many quarters regarding the great mediæval spectacle at Olympia, which Mr. Stead, who must long ago have parted with every vestige of a sense of humour, considers to have been organized at the Vatican for the propagation of popery in England. Such a suggestion is itself a tribute to the appeal which even an imperfect and rather fantastic presentment of bygone Catholicism makes to the heart of average humanity, conscious of its own weakness. That the performance of *The Miracle* does profoundly impress the majority of the audience, no one who has watched both it and them can fail to appreciate. At the same time, we have doubts whether those who are most moved are always the most Catholicly-minded. The thought struck us, when assisting the other day at the special representation to which the clergy were invited, that, after all, the clergy were perhaps not quite the audience who were most likely to be benefited. What really strikes home, whether in the mediæval legend or the modern pageant, is the *Mater Misericordiæ* motif, the realization of God's tender compassion for the waywardness of human nature. The dim religious light, the incense, the pealing organ, the haunting strains of the hymn, heard above the monotone of the unceasing *Ave*, all these things are valuable as accessories, but it is the old familiar theme of the prodigal son, though in a novel sitting, which really touches the heart. If there are to be special performances, we should like to see a special performance for the Magdalens, or at least the unprotected and the fallen, of the London streets. As the Jews of Rome, a few centuries back, were subject to a compulsory attendance at Christian sermons, so the enlightened Cadi of our days, in lieu of a fine, might appropriately sentence some of the offenders who appear before him, to a compulsory visit to Olympia, at their own expense, under proper supervision. We believe that in the case of many a poor unfortunate, who,

perhaps, has never set foot inside a church in her life, this dramatization of the legend of the Mother of Mercy would not be without practical result.

Be this as it may, the vast crowd which fills the arena, the religious surroundings—especially for those who are not so intimately acquainted with Catholic ritual as to have their nerves jarred by incongruities—the admirable grouping, dancing, and side-acting of the performers, and perhaps, most of all, the wholly decorous and dignified personation of the Madonna, are bound to leave a deep impression upon the average visitor. We are far, indeed, from finding, as some critics seem to do, that everything is perfect. Considering the extreme need, for any such representations in dumb show, that every incident should readily explain itself, the story outlined seems to us in many places quite curiously inconsequential and incoherent. The printed summary speaks of a last episode, not now represented, perhaps on account of the length of the performance, in which the nun, prostrate beside the statue of our Lady, awakens in the morning from a deep sleep, and the query is added: "Was it all a dream?" Artistically it seems to us that the main conception of the drama is weakened by the omission of this last scene. After the excitement, the crowds, the triumphant *Salve Regina*, we need a return to the dominant note of peace which impresses the spectator so powerfully at the beginning, and which he identifies with the minster and the life of the nuns that tend it. Regarded as incidents of a dream, the extravagances of the story become less unwarrantable.¹ One is more easily reconciled to the impossible scene of the Inquisition Tribunal, when the president of the court turns out to be the Spielmann in disguise, and the other judges, with the executioner, seem in some quite inexplicable but obviously discreditable way, to fall victims to the seductions of their prisoner. The Spielmann, we should explain, is the evil spirit of the piece, a sort of tragic and Mephistophelian Puck or Piper of Hamelin. So again the disappearance of the infant, which is snatched by the nun from the statue of the Madonna, or the subsequent act of

¹ There is mediæval precedent for such treatment in a story closely similar to this. In a British Museum MS. (Egerton, 1117) we have a suite of three tales of tempted nuns. In one of them the nun sacristan makes up her mind to leave the convent, but first lays the keys of her office on the altar with a parting prayer to our Lady. Then she falls into a swoon and awakes repentant. See Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, ii. p. 667, and cf. Mussafia, "Marienlegenden," in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy, Phil. Histor. Cl. vol. 113, p. 954.

the Madonna in taking to herself the fugitive nun's dead babe, touching as the condescension may seem, in itself only leaves the spectator bewildered. There surely can be no intention of suggesting that the corpse of the infant remains for all time in the statue's arms in the place of the babe that was formerly there.

Again, in view of the professions made of archæological accuracy, it seems extraordinary to us that the ritual should have been left in a state so curiously inconsistent with well-known facts. We cannot, of course, expect the audience to be kept waiting while the nuns sing anything really corresponding to Vespers, but if the *Ave Maria* alone is to be chanted, why should it be chanted, with its second part, *Sancta Maria Mater Dei*, &c., which was unheard of in mediæval times, or why should invocations be borrowed from the *Litany of Loreto*, which was not compiled until the sixteenth century, or why should the tune of the *Adeste Fideles* be introduced, which is probably not yet two hundred years old? Similarly though the number of Thurifers in pre-Reformation times was not governed by modern rubrics, any one who has studied mediæval inventories would know that the idea of a swarm of small boys swinging censers all over the place, and incensing nothing in particular, is an absurdity. Moreover, while we are profoundly grateful to the administration for withdrawing what we believe was at one time contemplated, the pretended carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in the procession, an incident which would have rendered the spectacle intolerable to every Catholic, it is difficult to account for the presence of huge canopies doing honour apparently to nothing more than a simple priest, who walks beneath unattended and with empty hands.

But these things, we readily admit, are refinements which would probably pass unperceived by ninety-nine per cent. of the visitors to Olympia, and which are of no particular importance in themselves. Much more astonishing is the treatment of the *scenario* or programme of the action, which we are told through various channels, with something of a flourish of trumpets, has been prepared by a well-known scholar and editor of texts, Professor Karl Vollmoeller. Of Herr Vollmoeller's competence as a mediævalist, and of his high distinction as a master of German prose, no one can be in doubt, but this only makes it the more incomprehensible why an organization which claims to be spending something like

£70,000 in producing this ambitious work, should not have thought it worth while to pay some competent person a couple of guineas to render the *scenàrio* into readable English. For a wordless play, the *scenàrio* is a most essential document. But here there could hardly be room for surprise if anyone who had seen only the English programme, and not the performance itself, drew the most unfavourable conclusions as to the low standard of taste which prevailed among the organizers. Take such a passage as the following:

The nun's descent goes on apace, tragedy heaping upon wanton mockery, victims of her magnetic beauty coming and going with unfailing certainty, the minstrel ever speeding her on to deeper, darker life and myriad murky ventures.

This may be excellent German, but it is very ridiculous English. Neither is the translator happier in his alliterations and his assonances when he makes us read of "the Spielmann playing the ever-lilting tuneful lure," or of the "marauding Count and his hefty huntsmen," or of the "Nun dancing before the carousing rowdies," or of the same lady "carried off [pronounce *orf*] by the horde to be glorified on a white horse"¹—a touching reminiscence of the Banbury Cross of our childhood. But enough of fault-finding. Our main object is not to criticize the performance, the beauty of which, as a spectacle, and the utility of which, as a moral lesson, we should be the first to appreciate, but rather to say something of the mediæval legend of the Virgin on which it is founded. Of course, the story of the nun who left her convent is well-known to English readers in the skilful adaptation of Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, by whom it is entitled *A Legend of Provence*.² But though Miss Procter has not taken the same liberties with the story which we find in *The Miracle*, she has very much improved it from a literary point of view. The original in all its various divergent forms remains somewhat crude and unconvincing. There is apparently no known text of it which can be securely traced to an earlier date than the thirteenth century,³ but belonging to the

¹ This literary gem obviously requires an American intonation to be heard to advantage.

² It is to be found in the second volume of her *Legends and Lyrics*. London, 1863. Third edit. pp. 1—16.

³ See G. Gröber, "Ein Marienmirakel," in *Festgabe für Wendelin Förster*, Halle, 1902, pp. 425-6.

middle of that century we have quite a number of versions, both in Latin and English. To begin with, the well-known Cistercian and diligent collector of such stories, Cæsarius of Heisterbach, tells it twice over in his works, concisely, but with slight variations.¹ Gautier de Coincy, whose narrative was probably based upon an original in Latin prose, which may still be traced, recounted the tale in French verse, but at much greater length. Still fuller is the almost contemporary setting also in French verse, contained in the collection known as the *Vies des Pères*.² From this a century or two later a prose rendering was made, which has been incorporated in the splendid illustrated *Mariale* of Jean Miélot.³ Besides these there is another adaptation in French verse which has been edited by Gröber,⁴ and several more Latin settings in verse and prose, for the most part of inconsiderable length.⁵

Finally, we may mention the treatment of the same subject more dramatically in the collection of French mystery plays, published as *Miracles de Notre Dame par personnages*, and edited by MM. Gaston Paris and Ulysse Robert. Of all these various settings of the legend, we may select for translation that which is included in the collection of Miélot. It represents the story in its most detailed form, but as we are enabled to compare it with the work of the *Vies des Pères*, we know that all its details belong to the rhymed original of the thirteenth century. Moreover, this version seems to give proof of more religious feeling than any of the shorter variants. Translating a little freely, the narrative runs thus:

Once upon a time there was an abbey and in it a nun, the sacristan of the church, who kept her rule with all her heart. God and His Saints she faithfully served, but above all else, night and day she did honour to the Holy Virgin, Mary, Mother of God, and often she knelt on her bare knees before her statue, that she might obtain pardon for her sins. In sooth, it is wont to happen that one whose heart is in God's service is not on the look out for the good things that may befall, but thinks only of the duty that he has undertaken. Everything wastes and perishes

¹ Cæsarius, *Liber Miraculorum* (Edited by Meister as a supplement to the *Römische Quartalschrift*), iii. 11, and *Dialogus Miraculorum*, vii. 34.

² This has been printed by Méon in his *Nouveau Recueil de Fabliaux, &c.* vol. ii. pp. 154 seq.

³ Edited for the Roxburgh Club by Sir George Warner in 1886.

⁴ *Festgabe für W. Förster*, pp. 421-443.

⁵ Catalogued by the late Father Poncelet in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, 1902.

save our good deeds alone, but this nun, with all the prayers she said, prospered exceedingly, and so constant was she in her well-doing, that God took her for His friend, and so did our Lady whom she served. Certain it is that there was such fame of her that the sick came to her from all the country round and recovered their health. She cured the infirm as soon as she touched them and they returned home light-hearted and well, praising God and His glorious Mother. Long time she endured in this happy state, but the infernal enemy who destroys all the good that he can come nigh, brought her at last to her undoing. Under the stress of his ceaseless promptings she was led to forsake all her good purposes; for woman often changes her thought and easily sets foot in a path in which she loses herself without knowing it. So much in fine did the enemy bestir himself to put her to shame that a man lured her away from her convent and by his promises induced her to abandon herself entirely to him. And so she laid her habit down at the feet of our Lady and turned her back upon the cloister. Forth from the light she went and plunged into darkness.

Now whoso will travel by night must guide himself by the light which he carries in his lantern. If that light goes out, he comes to grief, for he can no longer see and he blunders into every obstacle. A man who is leading a good life holds a candle which shows him the right way and guides his soul to paradise, but he must persevere in well doing if he wants his candle to burn brightly. The moment his conscience is false the light goes out and he loses his way. This is how many persons act who give up their good purposes in the middle and in cowardice of heart turn to those worldly pleasures that lead them down to hell.

So this poor nun who had yielded recklessly to passion continued two years in her madness as the devil had contrived. But in that she had forsaken our Lady her mistress and the way of virtue, she was so cast down that all joy and self-respect had departed from her. Forlorn and desolate she came near to die of grief whenever the remembrance of the past returned to her mind. Now it happened one day that her lover, more truly betrayer than lover, upbraided her with harsh words, calling her runaway nun, and furiously raging, cast in her teeth the evil she had done and the life that she had quitted. But she, in the depth of her misery, only answered: "It is truly as you say. I am more wicked than man can tell; most wicked to have trusted you. Now I have only my deserts. If any man spoke of me differently he would be sadly mistaken. Yes, I have here the wages of my sin, for that I wilfully turned from the honour in which I was set by God and the Queen of Glory. Then by her bounty I was the comfort of all that were afflicted. Now I am

like a false harlot, and I have lost both my lover and my suit. But God is not sick nor sorry (*Dieu n'est mort ne malade*). If I try to serve Him, and if I leave my sin, I may well find mercy and pardon, for God has said that he who groaneth and deploreth his sins shall find forgiveness."

And with this, like a wild creature, she broke away and then fled the house by stealth, so that her lover could not follow. On she ran until it happened that she came in sight of the tower of a great white abbey. Exhausted as she was, she struggled forward, until she reached the spot, and by good chance the Abbot was at the gate, who rose to greet her, for he perceived her great distress. Then did she throw herself at his feet, but he raised her up and wiped the tears from her face, showing great compassion. So to him, with much weeping, she told all her misdeeds, and he comforted her, and said: "My gentle sister, full easily may we err, and often it happens that our Lord permits the ill-deeds of woman or man whom He greatly loves, in order that they may the more resolutely rise up and never displease Him by sinning again. Many a one goes far astray, but afterwards comes back to the right road, and so you must take up a brave heart and submit yourself to a rude penance, which will make your peace with God and His glorious Mother." "Sire," she said, "I am ready to give my body and all my limbs to torment, because I have committed such foul trespass, that I am nigh to perishing soul, heart and flesh. But if ever I can do ought to purchase back the favour of the holy maiden Mary, never again, will I anger her." "Fair friend," said the Abbot, "I will appoint you a penance. I enjoin you in God's name, to return back to your convent and to remain there in retirement and simplicity of heart, taking for your penance all the abuse and contempt that will be your lot, and the more you have to suffer therefrom, the sooner you will recover your peace in God. This is the penance I lay upon you, that you humble yourself to implore the compassion of your sisters." "Sire," she replied, "for nothing in this world, could I do as you enjoin, not if you offered me the city of Troy with all its splendours. I am a woman of gentle blood in this country, and I have my father and relatives still living. They would drive me from the land if they knew the truth. I should become the byword and reproach of all men, if my shame were known, and so I pray you, Sire, assign me rather a penance that will afflict this body of mine; for what you ask I can never do." "Nay, gentle friend," returned the Abbot, "you will do as I bid. Know that your fears shall find relief and that no harm shall befall you; but none other penance shall you have from me. Go, I tell you, and your undertaking will prosper, for God watches over, and lends His aid to those who abandon themselves to Him." Then the nun said:

"Sire, if only God and His Mother will pardon me, I will do your behest. Lo! I begin now. To the hands of God and His blessed Mother I commit myself. May God show mercy upon His wretched creature, and grant that she may find a speedy end."

And straightway she set forth clasping the tresses of her hair in her hands,¹ for she had grievous sorrow for her sin and folly. She journeyed alone, but with a brave heart, praying thus as she went: "Hearken to me sweet Lady, who in reward for thy goodness didst conceive the Son of God, and didst remain a Virgin after as before. He chose thee for mother and daughter both, for He knew that thou hadst no sin. It is to win thy pardon that here and now I surrender myself wholly to thee."

With such like laments the nun travelled on until that night she came to a hostelry near her old abbey. Therein lived a good ancient dame who harboured her and gave her supper. And so it fell out that after grace was said they spoke of one thing and another, until the nun, who wore neither veil nor habit, began to question the good woman, saying: "Fair hostess, where is your sacristan who used to be so busy in the minster? What sad shame it was that a man should have carried her off, and mad must she have been to yield herself to him. I pray you in God's name to tell me truly if you know aught of her." Thus, did the nun set about to discover what was said of her transgression. Her hostess, who had seen her hundreds of times, but did not recognize her now, was in great indignation at her talk, and withal mightily astonished. So she said: "Woman, you are surely mad to cast reproach upon the best and holiest woman that ever lived in this land. You need no long search to find her, for I have seen her this day and had her blessing when she was busy at her tasks of mercy, like the holy woman she is." "Hold your peace," said the nun, "it is not she, but another." "Nay, do you rather hold your peace, fair lady, for you talk great foolishness. I like not at all such senseless chatter." "In this I am sensible enough. What I say, I believe, and shall hold to this night." "You must be fairly crazy," said the good woman, "for in this very street are a hundred sick and afflicted people who are waiting to have her blessing to-morrow, and who will be cured the moment she lays hand upon them. Give over your wild talk, I tell you, for if anyone overheard, it would go hard with you." The nun was utterly astounded in listening to this account. Much she pondered what it all meant, but she could find no clue. This only could she guess that the fiend perhaps had taken her place to

¹ This is a curious detail, but both Miélot and his original in the *Vie des Pères* are precise. "Dillecque se partist tantost, tenant ses mains a ses cheveux;" "Diluec se parti maintenant, ses mains a ses cheveux tenant." The gesture seems to be one of concentrated purpose.

bring her to greater shame and to denounce her for her sin. And so she racked her brain, spending a sleepless night with the many thoughts that troubled her until the time when the bell rang for Matins. Then she rose, dressed herself and went to the minster—well she knew it—waiting before the church until a lady opened the door, that those who were outside might enter. Then the nun asked: "Lady, in God's holy name, tell me I pray, who are you?" "But who are you, fair friend?" "Lady," said the nun, "I have a shameful tale to tell, but I will not hide the truth. I was once sacristan in this church, until the fiend of hell assailed me and made me do his will, leading me far from all good. In sooth, I am one hateful to God, seeing that for my sins of wantonness, I have forsaken Him and His holy Mother, for which last I account myself more vile, and I sorrow more than even for the offence of her Son. So now for my shameful frailty I lie under her ban, and for this my heart is in anguish, and I stand far from the way of salvation. None the less, I am come back to see if I may find mercy, well though I know that I deserve none. Lady, now I have told you who I am. In turn, I beseech you that for the love of God you will reveal your own name."

"Willingly will I tell thee," said the Lady, "though thou hast ill repaid the kindness I have shown thee. Thou wilt do well henceforth to have my memory ever in thy thought. I have been chamberlain and sacristan in thy place to open the doors and ring the bells, and I have done all other service that thy duty required and thou wast wont to render. What virtuous conduct I have shown is credited to thee. Be assured that no one knows the truth; and because thou once didst serve me well, I myself have covered thy shame. And now I pardon thee all thy trespasses, but beware of instability and sin, for fear that if thou didst fall again, I should bring thee grievous ruin. So now I tell thee what thou must do. Go to my altar. There thou wilt find thy habit. Clothe thyself as before, no one will suspect, and acquit thee in future as a good religious should."

The nun utterly overcome, fell upon the ground before the Lady's feet, and thereupon saw her no more nor knew what had become of her. And then she went to the place where she had seen her stand, and more than a thousand times she kissed the ground that her feet had trodden. Afterwards, she clothed herself in the habit which she found before the altar, and her heart was filled brimful of joy. And so from that day forth she gave herself up to her duties just as she had done of old, so that no one ever perceived what had happened, through the holy maiden Mary, who had taken the sinner's place because she had once done her service. To make an end, the nun gave herself to all well-doing, spending all her time in prayer and fasting. So diligent was she in recovering what she had lost that Jesus Christ called

her straight to Heaven when she departed this life. Let every one, then, be he small or great, be earnest in God's service that he may receive the guerdon that our Lord has promised. And God grant that we may all so spend our lives that we may come at last to a happy end.

Thus far Jean Miélot; who, it must be confessed, is apt to be more than a little tedious. But the narrative illustrates well the tone of the longer type of Mary legend, as well as the simple literary form, almost devoid of rhetorical artifice, in which such stories were commonly disseminated. Moreover, one cannot fail to notice the crudeness of the whole conception. The fall of the nun from grace is almost as mystifying and unaccountable here, as the transport of love at fifty yards range, which in a moment overthrows the nun's good purposes when she is praying before the statue at Olympia. It must be owned, that Miss Procter in her modern adaptation called *A Legend of Provence* has managed the incident of the nun's downfall much more artistically. She supposes a raid of some marauding baron, a skirmish ending in bloodshed and the bringing of wounded knights to the convent, which naturally offered the nearest shelter where they could be tended and cared for. One guesses the rest of the story:

To Angela, who had but ready will
And tender pity, yet no special skill,
Was given the charge of a young foreign knight,
Whose wounds were painful, but whose danger slight.

In this form the temptation becomes intelligible. It is perhaps only fair to say that the spectacle at Olympia is true to the mediæval spirit, in throwing the onus of the catastrophe on the Spielmann. Jean Miélot roundly says it was the devil, and thinks further explanation unnecessary.

But if the mediæval storytellers fail to awaken emotion by artfully contrived situations, in which, in spite of ourselves we are made to sympathize with the sinner, they made up the necessary amount of sensation by supernatural machinery. Miélot, or, rather the author of the *Vies des Pères*, whom he follows with servile fidelity, is quite exceptionally restrained in the story that has just been translated. Other variants of the history of the Sacristan, suppose all kinds of portents to happen, to restrain the nun from her intended flight. In the

French Miracle play (*Miracles de N. Dame par Personnages*) the knight attended by his squire having made an assignation with the nun, keeps a midnight vigil outside the church on two separate occasions, but each time is disappointed, the reason being, that as the nun passed through the church to let herself out, she, whether from habit or devotion, saluted our Lady's statue, whereupon the statue places itself before the door to bar her exit. On the third night she omits the salutation, and succeeds in escaping. Very similar to this, and altogether full of new developments is a version of the same legend in a British Museum Manuscript,¹ which Mr. Herbert thus summarizes:

Nun agrees to elope with a knight, but cannot find the convent door until she ceases to salute the Virgin (the words of her customary salutation are given in English, "Mary for thy joyes five, &c."). The knight is killed unshriven in battle, and a hermit forbids her to pray for his soul, but afterwards sees it borne to heaven and is rebuked by an angel. Returning to her convent, the nun finds the Virgin has replaced her in her absence.²

In another version³ the crucifix bars the door and prevents the nun escaping until she ceases to salute the statue of our Lady, and in yet another variant⁴ we read of more than one door, each bearing a crucifix, while the statue slaps her face. It may be said, then, that the rather mystifying behaviour of the nun at Olympia, who when she has apparently made up her mind to fly, finds herself unable to open the door, and then threatens our Lady by snatching the Child from her, is not altogether foreign to mediæval ideas. Indeed there is another well-known Mary legend, also included in Miélot's collection,⁵ in which a mother, whose son has been sentenced to execution, goes in her despair to our Blessed Lady's statue, and carries off the infant as a hostage for her own boy. Needless to say, her pious audacity is rewarded by the granting of her petition.⁶

¹ Royal, 8, F. vi.

² J. A. Herbert, *Catalogue of MS. Romances in the British Museum*, vol. iii. p. 680.

³ MS. Ad. 18,349.

⁴ MS. Ad. 18,346; Herbert, *Cat. of Romances*, iii. 360.

⁵ No. 63.

⁶ This is a very common story. Sometimes the son is a bandit, sometimes a prisoner among the infidels, sometimes a child carried off by a wolf. See *Legenda Aurea*, cap. 131; Cæsarius, *Dial. Mirac.* vii. 45; Ward, *Cat. Romances*, ii. 662, &c.

Nor again can the transformation of the statue into the living Madonna be described as falling outside the very large range which the thirteenth century inventors or retailers of such legends allowed to their fancy in such matters. Neither in Miélot, nor, so far as we know, in any of the ordinary versions of this Nun Sacristan story, is the coming to life of the statue itself suggested. In certain variants, notably in that of Gautier de Coincy,

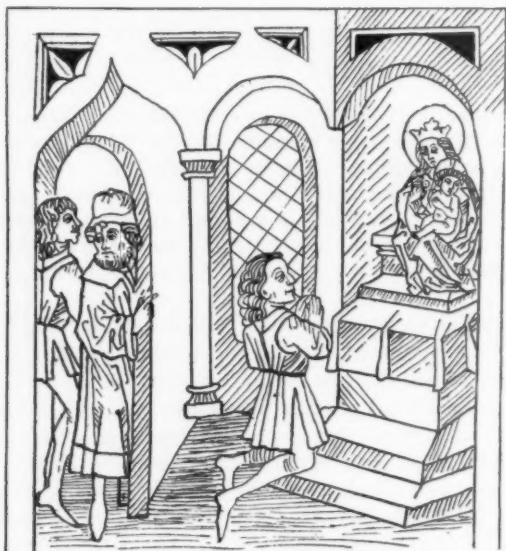


FIG. I.

Two curious observers from a church door watch
a client of our Lady praying before her statue.

and in the French Miracle play, there is no personation of the fugitive nun at all. Where the story lacks this central feature, we are simply told that in virtue of the nun's previous devotion to our Lady, she receives the grace of an extraordinary repentance, and in coming back to the convent meets with gracious treatment and forgiveness. But there are examples in mediæval legend of this Galatea-like episode and I venture to reproduce here two rude cuts from the unique *Salve Regina* block book, now one of the treasures of the British Museum, in which a similar incident is represented

in a very touching form. Briefly the story is this, that a sinner having very earnestly begged for a special grace when kneeling before the statue of our Lady and her Child, the boon being withheld and the sinner nigh to despair, the Mother of Mercy herself comes to life, and placing the Divine Infant upon the altar, kneels down beside the supplicant and joins her prayers to his.¹

In *The Miracle*, this incident of the transformation does

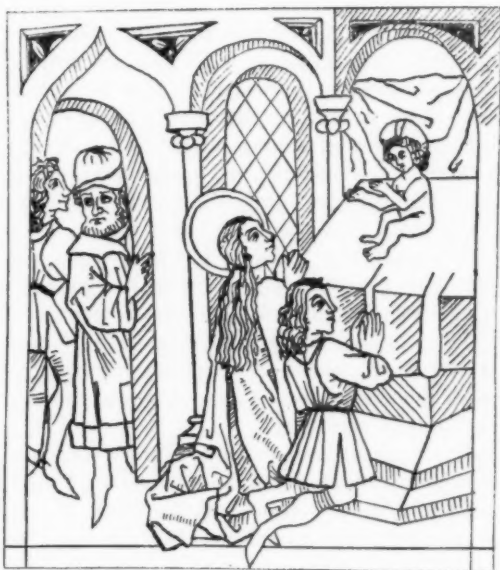


FIG. II.

The same observers notice that when his prayer is not granted, our Lady places the Child Jesus on the altar and comes to kneel beside her client.

¹ So far as the impersonation goes, a parallel is supplied by a story related in Miélot's collection (No. 2). In this a ruined knight acquires a great fortune by promising to bring his wife and put her in the power of the devil. He persuades her to accompany him for a walk, but on the way she enters a church to pray and there falls asleep. Meanwhile our Blessed Lady takes her place and puts the devil to flight. In another similar case, where a knight insists on hearing Mass, though a battle is raging, the Blessed Virgin takes his place in the battlefield. This last is as early as the twelfth century, for it is found in Walter Map, *De Nugis Curialium* (Wright's Edition, p. 31). Cf. Cæsarius, *Dial. Mirac.* vii. 38.

not seem to us well managed. The whole point of the personation in all the versions of the legend which retain it, is that the delinquency of the fugitive is not detected. Our Lady saves her reputation and discharges all the duties of the errant sacristan without anyone suspecting the substitution. The Miélot version does well in giving prominence to this as the supreme act of clemency of the Madonna to her former client. We may or may not feel sympathy for the moral idea involved in this seeming connivance and condoning of a scandal, but it is after all the whole point of the story. Now at Olympia, this central idea becomes blurred and, indeed, quite unintelligible. The nuns see that the statue has disappeared; where the sacristan was left praying the night before, there is now another nun who does not in the least resemble her, being among other trifling details, about six inches taller. The abbess and community, we are then told, "would scourge the supposed wrong-doer," but "her divine nature (*sic*), is recognized, and falling at her feet they chant in exaltation." None the less, when the erring sister returns and the Madonna resumes her place upon the pedestal, none of the community seem conscious of any change. If they knew that our Lady had been living amongst them as a nun for a couple of years, her departure and the restoration of the statue, would be, one would think, an occasion of grief, not of rejoicing.

We might discuss other details of history,¹ and dwell upon other inconsistencies with the earlier versions of the tale, but the point last indicated, seems to us the chief blot upon this modern dramatization of a mediæval legend. Still one must not be hypercritical, and experience has plainly shown, that in spite of much that is inconsistent and unconvincing, the audience at Olympia go away profoundly impressed, and in many cases seemingly impressed by something that goes deeper than any mere appeal to their artistic perceptions.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ One interesting point, is the attempt often made to vouch for the truth of these legends and to relate them upon the supposed authority of persons either living or recently dead. Thus in this story of the nun sacristan, the good Cistercian, Cæsarius of Heisterbach, when recounting it for the second time (in *Lib. Mirac.* iii. 11), seems to assure us that he himself, "heard the whole story from a religious man who knew the confessor of the girl to whom this had happened." But, as in other similar cases, it is likely that this very attestation was taken over by Cæsarius entire from the source in which he found it. See the late Father Alb. Poncetlet in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, xxi. pp. 51, 52, (1902).

The "Word" of God: Pagan and Jewish Background.

III. PHILO TO THE END. (*Concluded.*)

PHILO then took his faith, his unction, his illustrations, and his sanction from the Scriptures; with equal deliberation, he borrowed his philosophy from the Greeks, that is, from the Stoics. Here and there his faith forced him to modify this: *à priori* he had to assert a personal, provident, remunerative God, revealing Himself to man through prophecy. Where this interfered with Stoicism, he used Platonic categories to help himself out. This eclectic, and, I venture to believe, confused system I shall try to outline.

To take the question first quite in general. The *logos* is, for Philo, the Principle of Energy and Determination. This is exactly the Stoicism of Chrysippus. The *Logos* is the fecundating force in the world; an interior, ubiquitous, cohesive power; a rivet; a glue; a vowel between two consonants: like the soul in the limbs; like the Wise Man's will in relation to his virtues. Indefinitely diffused, its plenitude is not diminished, like gold, Philo oddly argues, which, however finely beaten out, remains impermeable. This "third nature" is, then, interposed between God and matter which, apart from the *Logos*, remains unorganized, unspecified, unqualified, undetermined. Historically, the impression of the *Logos*, an impetus along a given line, has spelt destiny. A cycle of Empires revolves, the universe *as a whole* getting good and ill in proper proportion, and emerging thus a Democracy. Or again the *Logos* is the Constitution of the universal City. Thus Philo links Plutarch's transcendent God to the immanent Fate of the Stoics; yet with unhappy results; for, under the Stoic influence which predominates, he speaks of God almost in pantheistic terms, and over and over again calls Him *ὁ νοῦς τῶν ὅλων*, Universal Mind.

Even when attacking the "Chaldeans" for teaching that the world is God, or God the soul of the world, he adopts Stoic phraseology, and says that Moses taught that God strung the whole universe tight upon *δυνάμεις* and *ἔξεις*, two terms used by the Stoics to describe the essential, inherent qualities of matter, but by Philo fastened indeed to matter at the one end, yet at the other to God. Consciously himself that all this was rather unsatisfactory, Philo tried to help himself by Platonic, or perhaps Plutarchic symbols, and the Logos as Law and Force is equated to the active Thought of God, at once Exemplar and Instrument. Hence constantly it is described as a seal, or stamp; the idea which penetrates and gives meaning to things, and surpasses them inasmuch as it is a nearer reflection of the Supreme Reality, and more nearly creative in its function, than they are. *How* is matter moulded by it? "In an ineffable and wonderful way," Plato had said, and Philo could add nothing.

What is its relation to God? it is the *γένος γενικώτατον*, the apex of the Platonic pyramid of ever more generalized ideas, subordinate only to the supreme and super-substantial Idea, God.¹ Hence, logically, *logos* is for Philo the *summa idea*; ontologically it is the ideal world. In the ideal order we have the series: God, *logos*, powers,² ideas, and finally the visible world of things. In the real order, *logos* and the world in which it is impressed, simply coincide.

If [says Philo] we would use the simplest language possible, we must say that the world of ideas is, God's Logos constructing the universe; for the ideal city is simply the reason of the architect proposing to found the city. This is Moses' doctrine, not mine; for, when relating the formation of man, he distinctly says that man was made in the image of God; now if the part—man—is the image of an image, and if the whole form, *i.e.*, the whole of this sensible universe is the resemblance of the divine image, it is clear that the archi-typal seal, which we call the Ideal World, will be the divine Logos.

In still simpler language: the divine Thought can be regarded as in God; then it *is* God. Or as expressed in

¹ Philo symbolized this by the *Manna*, because he thought the Hebrew word *mān* meant *τί*, "something," the all-but undifferentiated. Really *mān* is interrogative, and means "what?"

² *Δυνάμεις*: God's creative, royal, remunerative activities, invested here, as in the philosophy he borrowed from, with a quasi-subsistency.

creation; then it *is* creation, in so far as faithfully, though finitely, mirroring God's self. Or (and here we shall see is the danger-zone), it can be conceived inadequately, by man, as something in itself, intermediate between God, whence it (as we say) proceeds, and the world, into which it issues. Philo's monotheistic creed saved him from the hierarchized and ever grosser "emanations" placed by contemporary and later thought between the Highest and the lowest: but his series, *logos*, powers, ideas, material creation went very far towards it.

The *Logos*, he proceeds, is God's shadow. This is what appeared in the Theophanies.¹ This is what the imperfect contemplate; for the carnal see but the material universe; a few, made perfect, like Moses, see God Himself. Rapid runners alone, he says, allegorizing the Old Law, reach that metropolis. The rest must be content with the intermediate Cities of Refuge, world, ideas, powers, or *Logos*.

This then is the *Logos* in its relation to God. In creation, it is God's instrument, the mediator between God and matter incapable of intercontact. Even so, it only gives the primal thrust to the ordering of the world. As Plato entrusted this to lesser gods, the Supreme God only starting the cosmic process, so Philo sometimes makes Yahweh remit this elaboration of the world to lesser *logoi* or powers, to whom He spoke when He said, "Let us make man." Here enters in the famous *λόγος τομεύς*, or "scissive word." God's reason has a function analogous to ours, when our judgment cuts up the confused, barely differentiated, primary perception. The *logos*-seal expresses as it were the positive side of individuality,—I am what I am: the scissive-*logos*, the negative—I am *not* the rest of the world. And this notion goes back to Heraclitus, and Philo practically confesses this. But though we see, more or less, what the *Logos* does, and even what it is, once it is *in* the world, and again, how it exists in God, we still are in the dark as to its intrinsic nature. Is it identical with God? or a distinct hypostasis—a Person?

Quite clearly—and here all are agreed—in so far as it is a link, a cohesive principle in the world, that is,

¹ And how many Christian Fathers will echo this fancy—from the disastrous premiss that the *Logos* is in some sense essentially ordered towards the revelation of the Invisible Fount of Being. . . .

in so far as Philo is faithful to the Stoics, it cannot be a Person. But in his fluid and confused philosophy, is there not room for a Judaic, or Alexandrian conception, clashing with the former, yet juxtaposed to it, of the Logos as a Person? When he calls it God, or God's High Priest, Prophet, Eldest Son, Angel—and recollect the deliberate substitution, in some places especially of *Genesis*, of the phrase *Angel* of Yahweh, for the simple and divine name, a practice which almost imposed a connotation of personality upon that phrase wherever used—when, then, Philo uses these expressions, can it be supposed that these are mere metaphors void of doctrine? Many have thought this to be impossible. Modern writers, however, tend to depart from this view, and to declare that Philo did *not* regard the Logos as a Person. Thus, when he thrice calls it God, he does so only because the allegorical exegesis happens to force him to, and he apologizes for the inexact language. When he calls it *Angel*, we are reminded that he constantly treats Angels as symbols merely of abstract notions. Thus Hagar meeting the Angel, is Encyclopædic Education in collision with the Divine Logos! Again, he has a passion for literary personification. Laughter is the "immanent Son of God"; the world is God's Son, and the divine *Sophia*. The human logos, reason, is as boldly personified, though assuredly Philo did not hold it to be a person: it is the High Priest who enters the Holy of Holies once a year, that is, at long intervals achieves divine contemplation. As Conscience, it is priest, king, and judge, not to be intimidated, to be implored to remain with us. It is the soul's Father, as Education is its Mother. Again, it is the soul's Husband. As for λόγος προφορικός, sheer *speech*, it is the Interpreter, Brother, Prophet, herald of Reason; the defender, friend, intimate, companion, councillor of the soul. It is impossible to set Philo in order if we insist on taking these expressions as more than metaphorical, especially when we study the relations between the divine Logos and the divine Σοφία or Wisdom. Usually identified, they yet appear related now as source to stream, and again as stream to source. The δυνάμεις, or divine Powers, cause worse confusion. For while Philo says that the soul perceives these simply because it is not strong enough to contemplate the divine Essence, though with this they are

¹ Cf. M. J. Lagrange, *L'Ange de Yahweh* in *Rev. Bibl.* XII. (1903). H. B. Swete, *Introd. to O. T. Greek*, p. 327, (1900).

really identified, yet he also asserts that the Logos is actually *between* these *δυνάμεις* and God, that is, still more closely identified with Him, if that be possible, than they. How then can any distinction between Logos and Divine Essence be other than one elaborated merely by human reasoning? How, that is, can the Logos be a *separate* Personality? But unfortunately in proving this identity, have we not sacrificed the whole *raison-d'être* of Philo's assertion of Logos and "powers" alike? that is, the need of some essentially intermediate force to enable the inviolable Spirit to come into contact with matter? Does not this mark a radical contradiction in Philonism. The Gnostics, certainly, in order to avoid admitting one, refused rather to admit the identification of God and Logos. Zeller, Schüre, and Caird¹—first-rank authorities—admit the contradiction. Lebreton perhaps more acutely sees that Philo is trying to express, "on the one side the perfect being in God, which transcends us, and on the other, His action which reaches us, and His brilliancy which strikes us." "Relations" bind us to God, not God to us. "This distinction of absolute and relative in regard to God was never clearly expressed by Philo, but it appears in keeping with the line of his thought, and no other explanation, it may be, can harmonize the innumerable antinomies in his writings."²

It appears impossible to say more than that of the three great Churches which crystallized in opposition to the Christian, the Manichean drove the dualistic idea to an extreme, and modelled its organization, at least in the West, closely upon the Christian.³ As far as I know the Logos practically lapsed from its working system. Gnosticism is a generic name covering quite a number of those mixed sects, in which pagan, Jewish, or Christian elements variously predominated, by-products of the ferment caused by the introduction of the strong new faith into the seething cauldron of contemporary religions and philosophies. These struggled to explain, among other things, and what we leave, wisely, as a mystery—the *how* of creation; and a hierarchy of emanations, from God down to the maker of matter, was arranged. Notable

¹ "Philo employs all the resources of symbolism, allegorical interpretation, and logical distinction, to conceal from others, and even from himself, the fact that he is following out two separate lines of thought which cannot be reconciled." (Caird, *Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers*, ii. 201. 1904.)

² Pp. 793-4.

³ Augustine was for many years a devout catechumen of this Church.

among these were the Logos and the Sophia. The indescribable silliness and moral degeneration reached by certain Neo-Platonists can only be measured by the exquisite purity and sublimity attained (if not maintained) by others. Still working, like the other two systems, on the basal dogma of Dualism, they taught a mental and physical asceticism whereby the soul should emancipate itself and soar to God. This led men to sanctity, vice, or madness, according to those as yet uncoded laws which govern human psychology.

We are thus enabled briefly to summarize our examination of these varied data.

The Greek word *logos*—"reasoned account"—was generally applied to mean the *plan* of a thing, and in particular the plan of the universe. This plan could be conceived of either as latent in a mind, or as expressed in the actualized thing. Practically, it could mean, an *idea*, or a (spoken) *word*. In the case of God and the universe, it meant the divine Thought, conceiving that universe, and again, the Universe itself, the expression of that Thought. Thus this *logos* existed at once in God and in creation. For Monists, God and His Thought were *only* in, and indeed identified with, the Universe. But victorious Dualism conceived of God as other than, pre-existing to, the Universe. Hence the Logos, immanent from Eternity, in the Divine Mind, was *spoken* at the moment of Creation, and its history contained two phases, as it were, an Eternal, Invisible existence within God, and an external "utterance" in terms of visible, created life. Various mythologies clothed this notion in human forms: this mysterious Word is pictured as a Person. Philosophy again traces its career not alone in the metaphysical and cosmological areas, but in the ethical; all human life is bidden model itself. The unique religious system of the Jews fastens, in one of its schools, upon this splendid contribution of pagan environment; the antique traditions of their race, and independent notion of God's Mandate (stereotyped in their austere and gorgeous literature), and allied developments of their Wisdom-lore, assist the writers who are fain to interconnect Judaic and Hellenistic categories. And in the confused civilization of the Asiatic peninsula, where Greek and Palestinian cultures, Alexandrian and Persian speculations, Egyptian and Roman worships, and infiltrations from India herself, would meet in a hundred different connections the Logos would be discussed. In lecture-rooms, in pamph-

lets, in learned books, in mystical "elevations," in the sermons then becoming popular, the name would recur. The sound of its syllables echoed all around the new Community within which the Fourth Gospel was written. What the writer of that Gospel meant by the term he adopted in his prologue, we have so far nowhere hinted. We have but palely reconstructed his intellectual environment, or background, or atmosphere. But we believe it would be contrary to his mentality, as that Gospel reveals it, and to the whole spirit of early Christianity, to suppose that in adopting the term, he adopted too the notion. Indeed, as we have seen, there was no one notion to be thus adopted. He took over no current system, nor identified what he had to offer with anything that men already had. He did not welcome any school, or group of schools, with a cry of recognition, or of gratitude; "My Jesus is your Logos." The proposition must be inverted; John's dogma must correct the rest. "What you seek, I have. What you surmise, construct, deduce, symbolize, I possess and assert. Your Logos should be my Jesus."

Many miracles [says Father Lebreton]¹ guarantee the origin of the Gospel doctrine; here, the doctrine itself is the surest miracle of all. At a moment when all the philosophers and schoolmen of the age were exhausting themselves with dissertations upon a Logos of which they could not even define the notion, a poor fisherman gives us of that divine Word a revelation so profound that no human thought will ever exhaust its riches; so firm, that on it the religious life of all humanity will be able, henceforth, to lean. This simple fact is a prodigy more manifestly divine than a resurrection from the dead.²

Yet not John himself would have thought, or wished, the dreams and efforts of the centuries to be annulled, simply, by his doctrine. In his Prologue, he bids our thoughts revert to that Beginning, when over the meaningless and trackless waste of waters, the Breath of God was brooding. And similarly we are authorized to see, co-ordinating the cross-currents of human thought and aspiration—chaotic and contradictory to the careless eye—a divine Plan, a *Logos*, an unceasing "*Praeparatio Evangelica*." *Christus cogitabatur*. Not an instinct revealed by all those centuries of spiritual effort, but finds, at once and fully, its justification no less than its satisfaction in the doctrine of the Word that was with God, and was God, and became Flesh.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

¹ P. 794.

² Cf. Hil. *Trin.* ii, 23; Migne. *P.L.* x. 66.

Gracechurch Papers.

V. MADDY KICKSTONE.

CONSIDERING how beautiful the country round Gracechurch was, the approaches to the town, with one exception, were not very pretty. Nothing, however, could be prettier in its way than the entrance by the Rentminster road, with the lovely lake on one side, and the long gardens of Gracechurch House on the other. Gracemere is full three miles round, and has two islands; Wheatley Park skirts one end of it, and one might often see the deer come down to the water to drink. Beautiful woods line the banks of the mere in some places, and scarcely less lovely meadows slope down to it in others.

It was always felt in the town a flattering circumstance that "the Marquess" should draw his title from Gracechurch, seeing that Graceminster and Gracechester (pronounced, of course, "Grayster") were larger places, and that his lordship owned as much property in each of them as he did in our favoured town.

Less than a hundred years ago there was a Duke of Gracechurch, Peregrine Frederick Augustus Adolphus, fourth Duke and seventh Marquess of Gracechurch, Earl of Trimpey and Graceminster, and Baron Gracemere, Cockshott, Boarwood and Ruyton, in comparison with whom other Dukes were mere Viscounts, so to speak. Besides having enormous wealth and influence he was almost everything a Duke could be, Lord Lieutenant of three counties, Rentshire, Fenshire, and Rainshire, Lord Warden of the Middle Marches, Hereditary Master of the Boarhounds, Steward of the Royal Buttries, Keeper of the Private Signet, and Principal Secretary of State for the Defence Department under three successive Governments. He became a Knight of the Garter so early in life that there really seemed nothing left for him to receive, and the only mark of royal confidence the Prince Regent could show was to borrow large sums of money from him in the most intimate

and affectionate manner. Some say that was why the Duke was able to exact an undertaking that on his own death his son-in-law, Lord Fenny Stanton, should be created Marquess of Gracechurch. For, with all his great qualities, his Grace had never had a son. He had three daughters, Lady Peregrina, who married Lord Fenny Stanton, and became presently Marchioness of Gracechurch: Lady Adolpha, who married the famous Mr. Ploughder, nephew of the Duke of Vectis, and Member for Goodwin Sands during part of three reigns—George III.'s, George IV.'s, and William IV.'s. After the Reform Bill of 1832 this statesman was created Baron Gracemere: and Lady Sophia, for so many years Lady-in-Waiting to her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Middlesex—her monument is in Gracechurch church, and represents an allegorical figure, holding a medallion of her ladyship in one hand and an inverted torch in the other, leaning in an attitude expressive of fatigue against the stump of an odd tree that may have thought it was a willow but wasn't sure whether it was not a laurel.

When Lord Fenny Stanton became Marquess of Gracechurch, of course he took the surname of Grace; his father had married the only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Tilbury and taken *her* name, so that the present noble family are called Stanton-Tilbury-Grace. All these matters are discussed with perennial interest at Gracechurch.

Not that the Marquess is often seen there by his lieges. He lives for the most part in Fenshire at Castle Fenby, and has another huge home in Rainshire—Rainham Hall, where he endeavours to spend a couple of months annually on his way to the great town house, which is really a palace, overlooking the Green Park, of which he is Ranger. When he came of age he paid Gracechurch a visit and another on his marriage. I remember the latter occasion very well. A troop of the Rentshire Yeomanry cavalry escorted him from the station, as soon as he had received addresses from the Mayor and Corporation and other local bodies; and a guard of honour of the Rifle Volunteers was drawn up outside Gracechurch House, where the Marchioness was presented with bouquets by the head scholars of nineteen schools. Her ladyship did not make a speech, but bowed nineteen times, and smiled fourteen times: the other five times she was trying not to yawn and had no room for the smiles on her beautiful mouth

—Lady Gracechurch came of the handsomest family in England, and was its loveliest representative.

All the town was decorated: there were triumphal arches at the beginning of each street with *Welcome to the Marquess and Marchioness of Gracechurch* on every one of them in letters taller than I was, and Lord Gracechurch slightly frowned at one of them on which his title was spelled MARQUIS, as though he had been a mere foreign nobleman. Flags on poles stuck out of every second window, and Venetian masts, like enormous sugar-sticks, were to be seen in all directions. The church bells rang triple Bob Majors all the afternoon, so that the genteel residents of Church Street had to yell their mutual felicitations in one another's ears. A salute was fired from the Crimean cannon mounted on the town bowling-green, and as it had to cool a little between each discharge, the effect had all the solemnity of minute guns.

There was a dinner-party of forty covers at Gracechurch House that night, and on the night following, during which the band of the Rifle Volunteers "discoursed sweet music" (said the Gracechurch *Blue Banner* of the next week) "in the gardens contiguous to the residence."

On the day after their arrival the Marquess and Marchioness rested after their journey, that is to say they stayed in to receive the visits of all the magnates of the county—Miss Broom, who came in to her town residence on purpose, counted thirty-seven "equipages," exclusive of wagonettes and pony-carriages in which the rectors and vicars of the neighbourhood arrived to pay their respects, for Lord Gracechurch is patron of twenty-one livings.

On the following day after luncheon the Marquess, with the Marchioness on his arm, sallied forth from Gracechurch House and led her down a broad lane of red carpet to an immense and very handsome marquee of red and white stripes set up in the grounds by the lake. The way was lined with spectators, and Lord Gracechurch bowed at intervals to those on his left, while her ladyship did the same to those on her right. Behind them came Colonel Grace and his family, with the guests who had been invited to luncheon.

In the marquee was a *daïs*, covered with red cloth, on which were two arm-chairs, which Miss Broom always spoke of afterwards as "the thrones." On these Lord and Lady Gracechurch sat down for a brief repose after their fatiguing

walk of nearly half a quarter of a mile. Then they rose and stood a step forward, while four addresses were presented: one, from the great farmers, in a silver casket—this was very curly, and kept flying up like a patent blind as a very nervous farmer—Mr. Broadbin of Sheepwash—tried to read it: one, from the householders of Gracechurch, in a Russian-leather diptych: one, from the cottagers, framed and glazed; and one, from the labourers and workmen on the estate, on two rollers, like a half-grown banner. A present accompanied each address: a splendid gold bracelet, with a large sapphire flanked by two large diamonds, from the farmers: a pendant from the householders, which Miss Broom declared was "very chaste": a silver bowl, rather like a prize for successful pugilism, from the cottagers; and a sort of font, made of one block of marble from his lordship's quarries, from the workmen.

Lord Gracechurch replied in one stately address like a speech from the Throne, in the course of which he turned slightly in the direction of the representatives of each of the four classes of his subjects. Then the Marchioness expressed her thanks for the gifts: the bracelet she would wear constantly (Lord Gracechurch clasped it on her arm, and it was firmly believed by the donors that she never afterwards removed it day or night): the pendant would be her most valued jewel (Colonel Grace endeavoured to put it on, but forgot to undo the fastening of the chain, and it would not go over her bonnet): the silver bowl should stand on her own writing-table and be kept full of sweet flowers to remind her of what she never could forget, the sweet friendliness of the kindly givers;—what, I wondered breathlessly, would she do with the font? Four perspiring though stalwart workmen hitched it nearer at a sign from their foreman and humped up the red carpet into a wrinkle in doing so.

"Your gift," said her ladyship, "has a peculiar interest, being the work of your own hands" (the men she addressed were carpenters and plasterers and looked guilty), "and being fashioned out of the beautiful local marble."

She could not promise to wear it constantly, nor to stand it on her writing-table, and paused for one brief moment with her deep and lovely dark-blue eyes bent on it—then, being as clever as she was beautiful, she said, in a tone that was almost confidential:

"In my garden there is a pretty jet of water flowing out of a rock, and at present it flows into nothing. It shall stream now into this f—— receptacle. And so when I want a draught of the clear and cool water it will always be ready."

("Doddles," said her husband afterwards, "I pictured you, in that bonnet, trying to lap up the water out of the font without drenching the feathers.")

Though Lord Gracechurch could call his wife Doddles in private his demeanour to her in the marquee was that of a Sovereign to his consort. Miss Broom did not exaggerate when she said that his lordship's mien was "most noble—as became a Marquess."

"All the same," observed Miss Dray, who knew all about such things, and never let an inaccuracy slip by unnoted, "a Marquess is Most Honourable, not Most Noble—only Dukes are Most Noble."

During dessert that evening I stood at Lady Gracechurch's elbow, between her and Colonel Grace, and it was easy to see that she liked chaffing him a little. Until her recent marriage she had been Lady Gladys de Bohun, and her father, the Duke of Solway, had many sons, one of whom, it now appeared, had just changed his name under the conditions of a will by which he acquired a large fortune.

"Of course," said Colonel Grace, "twenty thousand a year couldn't be let go: all the same I can scarcely understand how your brother could bring himself to exchange the historic name of de Bohun for that of March."

Lady Gracechurch assumed an air of melancholy and replied.

"These misfortunes run in families, Peregrine; I brought myself to exchange the historic name of De Bohun for that of Grace."

On the next day Lord and Lady Gracechurch went away; the Venetian masts began to disappear, the triumphal arches were taken down, and the flags all rolled up and put away: the town had to settle down again into its normal state of genteel somnolence, and the slightly unearthly feeling of the last day or two to give way to more humdrum reality.

Still there was plenty to talk about—what a witty speech Colonel Grace had made, after the Marquess and Marchioness, in the marquee: how charming Mrs. Grace and her lovely daughters had looked, and how thoroughly they understood

how to dress. On this occasion Mrs. Grace who "became" rich clothes, had left magnificence to the Marchioness, and the costumes of the young ladies had been triumphs of simple freshness and elegance.

"Mrs. Dovey, however," said Miss Dray, "was splendid enough for us all. In her ruby plush she looked like a Utrecht velvet settee; it was kind of Lady Gracechurch not to sit upon her."

Mrs. Dovey was the wife of a very wealthy farmer, and had acted as *doyenne* of the farmeresses, Mr. Broadbin of Sheepwash being (unfortunately, as he felt for the moment) a widower.

"How well Colonel Grace did the presentations," remarked Miss Broom, "it is plain he hasn't forgotten the ways of Courts."

(Many years before the Colonel had been Aide-de-Camp to a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.)

"They were not presentations: they were only introductions," said Miss Dray.

I must say they had had all the air of "presentations," except that Lord and Lady Gracechurch did not occupy their "thrones" while they were in progress.

For nearly an hour they had stood on their dais, their relations and friends in a semicircle behind them, while Colonel Grace, on the top step, announced the names of the *presentees*, as they came forward and bowed or curtsied, at the foot of the steps. Some of the farmers butted, and one or two nodded with more ease than grace, but most of them bowed creakily from the waist: and the curtseys were, like Mr. Weller's knowledge of London, extensive and peculiar. One lady nearly curtsied herself over backwards, and was saved only by the presence of mind of a young Volunteer Officer, a miller in private life, who was acting as a sort of extra A.D.C. (unpaid); Captain Bran met the broad of Mrs. Pudlow's back with his left epaulette (a kind of stiff eyebrow of black worsted) and hitched her back again into the perpendicular as unaffectedly as though she had been a four-bushel sack of middlings.

When the fifteen hundred "presentations" were over, Colonel Grace brought up the heads of the four Committees by whom addresses and presents had been given, and mentioned their names to Lord and Lady Gracechurch, his lordship bowing to the ladies and her ladyship bowing to

the gentlemen, and addressing a sentence or so to each group.

Returning to Gracechurch House, when the ceremonies in the marquee were concluded, the Marquess and Marchioness entered a carriage and drove off to open a Flower Show on the Town Bowling Green, which they did apparently without difficulty as it only took ten minutes, after which they laid the foundation-stone of a new Drill Hall, that looked nearly finished already and received an address from the Rifle Volunteers, presented by Colonel Bobby, our principal grocer, their gallant commanding officer.

It was rumoured that Lord Gracechurch had "made some bones" about consenting to accept this address, on the ground that only to the Sovereign and Royal Family, were such honours usually offered by corps in Her Majesty's forces.

The "Rifles" were depressed, Colonel Bobby was bowed to the earth with chagrin and disappointment—Miss Broom, who had heard the dismal rumour and stepped as far as Market Street to buy a pound of tea, averred that he could not answer her sympathetic inquiries, and that the tears actually fell from his eyes into the canister. But Colonel Grace came to the rescue: he urged in favour of the address that it could not matter sixpence to Queen Victoria or anyone else whether it were presented or no; that there were four hundred and seventeen men in the corps, almost all married men with wives and families, so that fifteen hundred or two thousand deserving persons would feel snubbed if the address were not accepted: and, above all, that poor Bobby (an excellent man and brother-in-law to Mrs. Grace's own maid Growder, the most faithful creature) was a Dissenter, and not only he himself, but every Dissenter in Gracechurch would live and die in the belief that the address was refused out of Church Arrogance.

Lord Gracechurch yielded the point, and, by the time Colonel Bobby left the shop to go to his dinner upstairs, a messenger, whose feet Bobby would have thought lovely on the flattest ground, was hurrying from Gracechurch House with the glad tidings.

Mrs. Bobby received her lord grimly. If public slights were put upon him, and put up with, it would be ridiculous in him to expect that conjugal deference commanded naturally by a husband high in civic importance and military rank.

Poor Bobby knew his wife well and did *not* expect it;

perhaps that was why he had cried into the best four shilling tea; it was certainly why he sighed as he crept up the stairs, which were always dark and always smelt of soft soap and blacking, to the meal for which he had no appetite.

"*I* wouldn't take it lying down—not if *I* was Colonel," said Mrs. Bobby, after five minutes of silence during which the "gal" had been bringing up dishes, and trying not to look as if she knew her master was being sat on.

Colonel Bobby knew that this was the language of metaphor: what he was literally "taking" was toast and water, weak and tepid, and he was sitting, not lying down.

He could almost admit that his wife would have made a better Colonel than himself: it was her nature to command—she had a nose designed to signify it. Her back was stiffer than his, straighter, and half a yard longer: she was taller than he was, and, though portly, of a more compact build. He had never confessed it yet, but if taxed with it to-day he would have meekly agreed that he *was* fleshy, that his shoulders were too round, his legs too short, his circumference too long.

"Why," sneered Mrs. Bobby, "the very gal, as set them dishes on, knows as her master's had a set-down. It was wrote all o'er her face as plain as 'Bobby' is wrote o'er this shop-front."

"What can *I* do?" demanded the unhappy Colonel. "If the Marquess won't have the address."

"*Marquess*, indeed!" cried Mrs. Bobby with a bitter emphasis, as though his lordship's grade in the peerage were peculiarly offensive.

"*Marquess*, indeed; I know very well what you *could* do, and what I *would* do, and what you *shall* do, and what (you mark my words else) all as attends Pisgah *will* do—I'd let 'em know I was not going to vote Conservative any more; it's beyond anything chapel folks should vote Conservative and get nought but down-sets for their trouble. You'll find Pisgah 'll vote Liberal enough next time—Rev. Puncher 'll see to it. He always *did* say too much obeisance was made here to Gracechurch House, and it's only me as has restrained him from speaking up rank Liberal many's the time. I shan't urge him any more, pleadin' as I have how my own full sister being Mrs. Grace's lady, and so great with her too, it would not look well for you and me to go again 'the House' in politics."

On another occasion the Colonel might have hinted that, however deserving, Mrs. Bobby had no vote; to-day he was too deeply depressed: he did not even feel the moment auspicious for reminding his much better half that Gracechurch House was his best customer—worth any twenty other houses in the town: that Colonel Grace dealt with no London stores but got everything over his own counter.

As it fell out there was no need to say anything: a knock was heard at the private door downstairs, and 'Liza came quickly up holding a note in the corner of her apron.

"From Gracechurch House, ma'am," she explained panting.

"For me?" suggested her mistress, "from Miss Growder?"

"No, ma'am. From Colonel Grace for master."

"Well, you needn't wait," said Mrs. Bobby sharply.

"The man's waiting—he don't know if there's to be any answer."

"Well, you wait outside."

Mrs. Bobby, though stern, was not inhuman, and if the contents of the billet were to prove disquieting she preferred that no one but herself should behold her husband's depression under the blow.

"Had I better open it?" she asked when Liza had stepped out on the landing.

"If you like," said the humbled Colonel.

It did not take her long—the note was short and sweet: half-a-dozen good-natured lines from Colonel Grace to say that the Marquess had waived all scruples and would be delighted to accept the address, and to beg that Bobby would not trouble to send any reply.

"It's all right," Mrs. Bobby declared promptly, "no doubt Amelia spoke to Mrs. Grace and got her to talk the Colonel over and he put it strong to his lordship."

Mrs. Bobby laid no angry emphasis on the great man's style now.

"There's no answer, 'Liza. But here . . . give the man this." And she actually produced half-a-crown, which was far from being her common practice. "And 'Liza, bring up that fowl: it's roasted and we may as well eat it as keep it for supper."

Bobby understood it all: roast fowl was not too good for

him now. His round back stiffened a little, and his eyes were no longer downcast.

"Colonel Grace has acted handsome," he declared, "as he always does. And, Sarah, don't you let Rev. Puncher get talking again' Gracechurch House and the Conservative politics: fifty pounds a quarter Gracechurch House book is, and better. There's no sense in *driving* big customers to the London Stores."

"Well, Colonel," said his wife, "Rev. Puncher expects to be on the platform."

"On the platform! Along with the Gracechurch House party, and the Rector, and . . ."

"Yes: on the platform, and Mrs. Puncher too, and Isabella Puncher: they've got new dresses on purpose," interposed Mrs. Bobby, firmly. "You'll have to do it, and I'll just send round a note now in your name. You needn't trouble writing."

Colonel Bobby gasped and fidgeted.

"You'd niver *want* to see the Rector cocked up on the platform and your own Minister left out!" cried his lady, with a kindling eye.

"The Rector's chaplain o' the Regiment," he feebly reminded her.

"Well, and Rev. Puncher's *your* chaplain. Look here, Bobby, it *must* be. I *promised* Mrs. Puncher, and all Pisgah expects it." And Pisgah was not disappointed. On the platform, in a new broadcloth coat, was the Minister, at the appointed hour, with Mr. Bobby on his right, Mrs. Puncher on his left, and Isabella Puncher (a pretty girl in a pretty frock, to whom the Marquess was remarkably civil. While stepping up on to the platform his foot caught in her skirt, and he bowed and apologized most graciously).

"There!" said Mrs. Bobby, afterwards. "If Isabella Puncher wasn't the only lady the Marquess said a word to! And he shook hands with the Minister just the same as with the Rector—and said he'd lately given ground for a Baptist Chapel at Fenny Stanton. If we *do* have the new porch at Pisgah, I daresay he'll put his name down."

But, as we have already seen, Lord and Lady Gracechurch went away, and the little town had to get on without Marquesses or Marchionesses for another twenty years or so; and we had gradually to accustom ourselves once more to our

common air, after the rarefied atmosphere we had been breathing for two or three days.

One queer result of his lordship's visit was the odd behaviour of old Maddy Kickstone when he was gone. Maddy's figure was as familiar to everyone at Gracechurch as that of Sammy Pouter, the town crier: and both were wont to be attended in their movements through the streets by much the same ragamuffin crowd of idle boys and elderly little girls of nine or ten, carrying babies at apoplectic angles.

Maddy was older, if possible, than the crier, and had a more varied repertoire of expletives with which to express her feelings as to the nature and function of boys: she was a thin, threadbare creature, dressed winter and summer in the same piteous rags—whatever she did with such odds and ends of cast-off clothing charitable ladies might give her, it was obvious that she never wore them. Her hands were like claws, and her poor head looked like a windy rook's nest of two or three years ago. Her mouth was ever mumbling and chewing, and her fingers forever snatching at her ragged shawl, or at the air. Her eyes, cavernous under thick white brows, gleamed restlessly, and often fiercely: for Maddy took in very ill part the gibes and ironical questions of the naughty children who formed her escort about the town.

Old Miss Dray declared that Maddy was a very pretty girl once, though flighty and queer even then. Her beauty had caused a scampish young house painter to fall in love with her, and they were married; but, within three months of the wedding he disappeared, and it was said he had enlisted: anyway, he never showed his face again at Gracechurch, and Maddy was left alone and penniless. People tried to be kind to her, and offered her jobs of work, but she was too restless to stick to anything even for a day. If she came in to do a bit of "charing" of a morning, she would be off in an hour or two, and wander off to the mere, or out into the fields and woods. She seemed always to be searching for something, and it must have been small, for she would kick up every stone she came across, as if expecting to find it hidden there. Some said it was her wedding-ring she was trying to find—for the ring disappeared when her husband disappeared, and it was commonly supposed he had stolen it. Whatever it was, Maddy never found it, but went on day after day, year after year, strolling hither and thither, peering about, snatching at

leaves of low-branching trees, plucking at the air, and kicking up the stones everywhere—that was, of course, why they called her Maddy Kickstone. Most of us thought she was called “Maddy” simply because she was crazy, though Miss Dray told my mother that she fancied it might really be her name, since she had been known as Maddy always.

When the workmen were busy taking down the triumphal arches and Venetian masts, Maddy showed considerable annoyance.

“I’m not gone yet,” she complained, “and I’ve given no orders to have them taken down.”

The men laughed and went on with their work, though she marked her displeasure by throwing small stones at them. It was odd, that though her language was often terrible, her accent was not vulgar, and her voice, shrill as it was, had no common twang or burr in it. When she got tired of pelting the men with gravel, she busied herself collecting armfuls of the fading evergreens that had adorned the masts and arches, and with these she wandered away out of the town. She had contrived to steal a flag as well, and this she had rolled up tight and hidden among the laurels and ivy. It happened to be one on which the arms of Grace—a black swan on a white ground—were woven into the bunting.

The path she took led her along the mere-side to a patch of wooded ground, and here she stopped, for if she had gone on a hundred yards the workhouse would have been in sight, and Maddy would never go where she could see it. One very cold winter they had caught her, and forced her to go into the house—fearing she would starve to death if left to herself, or be found frozen under a hedge or a haystack. For a few days Maddy had had the workhouse by the ears: then, to the equal relief of master and paupers, she had escaped, climbing over a very high wall by means of a pear-tree trained against it.

When Maddy found that her tiresome escort of ne’er-do-well urchins had dropped off, for she was too common a sight to be worth following out of town, she sat herself down on the grass and began to look over her booty. But even now, she could not sit still: espying a stone, perhaps as big as a penny loaf, six or seven feet away, she threw her bundle aside and scrambled up to go and kick it over.

“‘Not there: not there, my child,’” she sang out, to the tune of a hymn she had learned years ago.

Then she came back to her seat on the turf, and set to work making wreaths and garlands of her evergreens. The flag she unrolled and spread like an awning on two low boughs, the wreaths she hung up on twigs, and then gathered herself a nosegay of dandelions (Lady Gracechurch had carried a bouquet). Thus equipped, poor Maddy assumed a noble and gracious air of serene condescension, and took her stand under the flag; she stood still there a long time, bowing and curtsying to an imaginary succession of gentlemen and ladies being presented to her. She had never gone on doing the same thing for so long a time together perhaps in all her life. How long she might have continued had she not been interrupted, who can tell? But interruption came: a man came by and saw her, and told her she had stolen the flag, and that he should go to Gracechurch House and tell of her. He did so; but Colonel Grace only laughed and said the flag was giving her more pleasure than it had ever given to Lord Gracechurch or any one else, and after giving the fellow a shilling, bade him go, and let the old creature alone.

I suppose this came, somehow, to Maddy's ears: for she put on great airs, and nodded her head sagely, and laughed to herself.

"He's a very good man, the Colonel," she declared, with sublime patronage, "and knows how to treat ladies—though of a younger branch."

After that she *wore* her flag; sometimes as a shawl—which gave her the appearance of carrying a huge black swan on her back—sometimes as a sort of overskirt.

Miss Broom was deeply scandalized. But old Miss Dray laughed and nodded nearly as sagely as Maddy.

One day they, Miss Dray and Maddy, met in a field not far from the end of Scotland Street, where the lady lived.

"Maddy," asked Miss Dray, abruptly, "what's your name?"

"Single or married?"

"Well, single first: since we all start single, and some of us go on so."

"You're an old maid," said Maddy, with condescension. "I wish I was. Madeline Grace was my maiden name: Madeline Fife my married name afterwards. Kickstone is merely a title. Titles and surnames are not the same, you know. Old maids have no titles, but can do their duty in that state of life to which Lord Gracechurch calls them. Good afternoon. I've

a reception to attend. You haven't happened to pick up a ring, have you?"

There was a stone close to Miss Dray's foot, and Maddy skipped forward and gave it a kick, crying eagerly.

"If it's there, it's *my* ring, mind! Beg your pardon, if I pushed you—but it's a ring an old maid could have no use for . . ."

She bounced past Miss Dray and hurried off mincingly.

This was in winter time, and a hard frost came that night, followed by another and another, on the two nights that succeeded. Colonel Grace happened to meet Maddy, and noticed how piteously thin and inadequate was her clothing: he stopped and tried to induce her to promise she would sleep within doors, and get herself warmer raiment. But she pushed aside the money he offered, saying grandly:

"It's hard, when one has so many houses to choose between them. What with Gracechurch Hall (tho' it's burned down), and Castle Grace, and Grace-Dieu Court, I never can make up my mind. But I'm obliged by your homage. *Good* afternoon, Colonel. When we meet—in higher circles, the very highest (she pointed one clutching finger upward), I'll give you the kindest recommendations—and introductions. The very gates are pearls. *Good* afternoon."

She sauntered away, graciously; and the kind-hearted Colonel went there and then to Mrs. Grace, to see if nothing could be done for poor Maddy. She, meanwhile, strolled on and came to the place by the mere-side, where she had held her first reception, and prepared to hold another. From the roots of the trees she picked trails of ivy and made garlands of them, to hang on the low boughs near her flag—very dirty and dragged now. When all was ready, she took up her station as before, and began her long series of condescending bows and curtseys. But again there was an interruption. Slouching towards the workhouse a battered tramp, so old and rheumatic, he could scarce move his weary limbs along, came shambling under the naked trees and espied her at her uncanny play.

Maddy bowed and simpered at him with the kindest encouragement, but he only stood still and stared.

"Come up!" she called out. "You're not a tenant, but you can be presented——"

And even while she spoke, she caught sight of a biggish

stone that someone had flung out on to the ice to see how thick it was.

"Excuse me! I'll come back, and you can be presented," Maddy called out, and ran towards the mere.

"Hi! stop!" shouted the tramp. "It won't bear. I tried——"

But Maddy was already on the ice, and it did bear her thin weight. To do him justice the tramp made after her. He was almost near enough to catch her by her rotten shawl, when she gave a fierce kick at the stone, and cried out:

"There! I've found the ring."

And the ice broke.

Poor Maddy was drowned; but the tramp was not. At the inquest, the first question put to him was:

"What is your name and calling?"

"James Fife: formerly a soldier——"

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

The Historical value of the Thomason Tracts.

GEORGE Thomason, bookseller, of the *Rose and Crown*, in St. Paul's Churchyard, commenced his collection of pamphlets, books, and broadsides, in 1642, immediately after the rebellion of the Parliament against Charles I. broke out. During the period extending from about the middle of 1642 to the spring of 1660 this collection is well nigh complete, and though, of course, all the tracts bear the date of the year of publication, Thomason, with a foresight which was really remarkable, added also in ink the day of the month on which he purchased each piece. Thus we have, as nearly as possible, the actual day of publication in the case of the vast majority of the tracts. Not content with doing this, Thomason, in addition, placed notes on the tracts in a number of cases: notes on their writers and subject-matter, which are of the greatest possible importance to historians.

Very few of Thomason's volumes have been lost, and very few pamphlets published during the period in question escaped his net; and this, in spite of the fact that at no other period of English history did the literature of the times so entirely consist of pamphlets. Thomason's collection consists of 22,255 pieces,—pamphlets, broadsides, and little books,—and, as a complete conspectus of the times, is unique. Yet, up to the year 1908, no separate catalogue of these tracts was in existence, apart from the collector's own troublesome and practically unworkable MS. list. It was, therefore, quite impossible to study the Thomason tracts systematically. Of the vast majority of the writers, nothing whatever was known—even their very names had not been ascertained. Under these circumstances, the accounts of the state of the press at that day, which have been given by leading writers, have been hopelessly erroneous, and their criticisms (I refer here more particularly to the late Professors David Masson and Samuel Rawson Gardiner), ludicrously untrue.

When, therefore, in 1908, the British Museum catalogue of the Thomason tracts was published, and a printed list of them in chronological order placed in the hands of historical workers, a new era opened for future historians of the Great Rebellion and Interregnum. In future—the suggestion, I have no doubt, will be a horrible one to those who know them well—the Thomason tracts will have to be read straight through in their proper order, and mastered, as a preliminary to the study of the history of the period. Then, and then only, will an impartial and truthful history of the Great Rebellion be written. At present it is as well to note that Puritan domination meant repression of the press in its most outrageous form, and that the “great pure Protector,” when not engaged in ruthlessly stamping out every printer of matter inimical to his own designs, suffered his licenser, Mabbot, to authorize the most appalling periodicals ever known to the English press, and openly allowed the most obscene songs to be sold broadcast in the streets of London. Such a periodical as Cromwell’s *Mercurius Fumigosus*, *Democritus*, &c., would be visited by a criminal prosecution nowadays.¹ One-third of the Thomason collection consists of the weekly newsbooks of the day, and at least one-sixth of the remainder of “relations” or isolated pamphlets of news, issued chiefly by the writers of the newsbooks. After June, 1643 (the date of the first licensing order), very rarely indeed will any other person than the “author” of a newsbook be found issuing a “relation,” therefore, the relations can be marked down to their respective editors by noting the names of their publishers, and comparing them with the names of the publishers of the newsbooks. Thus, when the names of the writers of the newsbooks are known, groups of pamphlets can be assigned to the same hand, and a second path to criticism opens out.

Again, in searching a newsbook for an account of a given event, no other newsbook of even date should be passed by, whatever its political or religious complexion. One writer is sure to give details omitted by another, and thus the “colour” of a story is often entirely changed.

¹ S. R. Gardiner stated that *Democritus* was “indecent” but “unlicensed.” In confirmation of the first statement see *M. Democritus*, no. 54 for April 27 to May 4, 1653. In 1652 the writer of this newsbook attacked Peters and Walker, and was at once compelled to change his name to the *Laughing Mercury*; when he became more obscene than before. See his own statements in *M. Democritus* for August 18--25, 1652, and the *Laughing Mercury* for August 25 to September 8, 1652.

A question of importance to all historical workers is how far and in what manner the newsbooks supplement the Journals of the Houses of Parliament, the *Collections* of Rushworth, and the *Memorials* of Whitelocke. The answer is—to a very great extent and in very great detail.

Many an obscure passage in the Journals of the House of Commons can be cleared up by a reference to the newsbooks of even date. Thus, the *Commons Journals* record the fact that on December 20, 1641, the House committed Henry Walker for writing a libel entitled "A Terrible outcry against the loytering exalted Prelats," but only the newsbooks clear this up by adding that Walker had fraudulently affixed Prynne's name to the libel, and that *that* was why he was sent to prison.¹

As regards Rushworth's *Collections*: Rushworth was licenser of newsbooks and small pamphlets for some years, and in addition, wrote the *London Post*, so that after 1641, nearly everything he sets out can be found in the Thomason tracts.

Whitelocke's *Memorials*, also, simply constitute a *panier à salade* of ill-chosen cuttings from the newsbooks, liberally seasoned with mistakes of Whitelocke's own manufacture. Of personal narrative he has little. As it is often quoted, the following passage from Whitelocke may serve for a typical example. Under date, September 17, 1649, Whitelocke's *Memorials* state:

Letters . . . that Mr. Peters, the minister, was arrived at Dublin and that at the beginning of the troubles in Ireland he led a brigade against the rebels and came off with honour and victory, and the like was now expected from him.

This is taken from *The Moderate Intelligencer*, No. 235, for September 13th—20th, 1649, in which the passage appears as follows:

Chester, Sept. 14, . . . Master Peters is landed at Dublin; where, its expected, hee bestirre himselfe: he was in

¹ The *Terrible Outcry* is catalogued to Prynne both in the Bodleian and the British Museum Catalogues. Anthony à Wood's remarks on this tract are an excellent illustration, both of the extent and of the deficiencies of his information. In his *Life of Prynne* ("Athenæ," p. 858), he says: "This book is not his, nor like his language, nor is it in the catalogue of his books, tho' his name be to it with his picture in a wooden cut." Yet Prynne states in his catalogues that he published them because *Walker* and others had published "sundry illiterate forgeries" in his name,

Ireland at the beginning of the rebellion and did there notable service, commanding and leading once a brigade against the enemy in Munster, where he came off with honour and victory—business is now like to be managed to the perfection.

This passage occurs in no other newsbook, and is tantamount to letting the cat out of the bag, so far as Peters' exploits in 1642 are concerned. The second passage is the more accurate and the most valuable of the two. Peters was a colonel of foot at the time it was written, returning ill to Milford, after Cromwell's butchery at Wexford. He was then appointed governor of Milford, where he remained with his regiment (in which Pride's son was a lieutenant), until the middle of 1650. His letters from Milford, to Walker, the ironmonger, are set out in the latter's *Several Proceedings*. The somewhat scandalous causes of Peters' sudden flight to Cromwell in Ireland, in August, 1649,¹ are described in the *Man in the Moon* for August, 1649.²

There are many tracts in the Thomason collection of importance in the history of the struggles of our Catholic forefathers, apart from the better known relations of martyrdoms. Among the anti-Catholic writers, Prynne is foremost, and the tracts written and published by his friend and publisher, Michael Sparke (who wrote under the name of "Scintilla"), should on no account be passed over. Sparke died at Hampstead in 1653. The earliest list of "Rome's recruits" is contained in a tract entitled *Legenda lignea* (November 11, 1652), in which, to emphasize the horror felt at them, the converts' names are printed in red ink. *Mercurius Catholicus*, the first religious periodical, is worth some attention.

Catholics should be on their guard against mistaking the term "priest." As ordinarily used in the tracts, it refers to

¹ Peters' letter to John Winthrop dated 17th of 5th month (i.e. August), 1649, in the *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, series iv, vol. vi. p. 113, says, "Oh that I had ever left New England, or had never had this wife so sent to me. Oh, dear sir, my days are gone and I look to my end apace." Peters' wife was said to be "mad," but she was "excommunicated" in New England for accusing her husband of adultery. The *Clarke Papers*, iii. 66, *Thurloe Papers*, iv. p. 734, and *Thomason Tracts*, &c., show that Peters himself was subject to fits of raving and lunacy, and that at times he made very damaging admissions. "Sit fides penes auctorem" is the comment of one New England writer in the *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*. Series 3, vol. x., p. 26, and see Hist. MSS. Comm. 12 Rep., App. vii. p. 22.

² See the *Man in the Moon* for August 1—8, 1649, p. 135 ("a fat, corpulent knave," &c.), and for August 23—30, 1649, p. 159. The passages are quite unquotable, but as they are not denied by Peters' friend Walker, who, instead, gives some palpably false data as to Peter's movements, they seem to be true.

a Presbyterian minister even more than to an Anglican. A mistake of the kind, to which attention may usefully be drawn, is contained in *The Interregnum*, of the late Mr. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., where he states¹ that:

Desborough, Cromwell's brother-in-law, convicted a woman at Taunton, on the 19th July, 1650, of adultery with a priest, and we cannot avoid seeing that, with the national hatred of priests and seminaries, a woman under suspicion of such a crime with such a paramour would have but scant measure of justice.

If Inderwick had referred to the newsbooks for that week he would have altered his comments. The *Weekly Intelligencer of the Commonwealth* for July 16th—23rd, 1650, states, under date, Saturday, July 20th, "By letters from Somersetshire, it was this day advertised that a woman was there indicted, according to the late Act, for incontinence with a priest who had heretofore been displaced from his rectorship for his scandalous life." Evidently, this was a question of a Protestant minister. Whitelocke, as usual, seems to have been responsible for the contrary opinion.

In all matters concerning Catholics and the Catholic Church, the periodicals published by Henry Walker,² afford the greatest amount, and at the same time, the most untruthful of information. Walker's pamphlet, published in September, 1641, purporting to be an account of a dispute between himself and a Jesuit, is purely fictitious, but he continually shows his interest in the Catholic controversy. In 1649, when Sir John Winter, the Queen's Secretary, was sent to the Tower, and an untruthful report of his apostacy was set on foot, Walker at once informed his readers that, though Sir John admitted that the Pope had no power to depose princes, &c., yet that by no means would he deny him to be Head of the Church, "for that is wherein they all do cement."³ One of the most shocking caricatures of the Mass discoverable is the engraving, probably by Hollar, con-

¹ P. 34.

² *Perfect Occurrences*, 1647-1649, and *Perfect*; or, *Severall Proceedings*, 1649-1655.

³ Walker's definition of his own religion, in his *Catechism*, published for the benefit of the youth of "Martins Vintry" (Oct. 24, 1653), is as follows: "Q. What religion are you of? A. Christian Religion. Q. How is that distinguished from others? A. I received the sign of it in Baptism, when I had clean water sprinkled upon me, whereby I was distinguished from the Heathen and made visibly holy by the professed faith of my parents." The "gathered churches" were in the habit of calling all their members "visible saints."

tained in Walker's broadside about Charles II.'s escape after the Battle of Worcester, and entitled *A Mad Designe*.¹

It is often important to be able to say whether a tract was licensed or not. Those unlicensed were published in defiance of the Government for the time being, and in face of constantly increasing penalties. With the exception of the Royalist tracts published at Oxford during the King's stay there, all unlicensed tracts have no printers' or booksellers' name or initials attached to them, and this is the principal test by which to mark them off. Of course, some will be found with obviously fictitious names and addresses, such as "Printed for Praise-God Barebones, at the sign of the Anabaptist Rampant, in Fleet Street," and "Printed for the Company of State-Traitors at Darby House," and the like; but up to the return of Charles II. in 1660, anonymity both of writer and publisher, is the surest sign of an unlicensed tract. At the King's return, all the "ordinances" of the Long Parliament fell into abeyance, and the various "Acts" of the pseudo-Parliaments which succeeded it, became void. Therefore, until the Licensing Act of 1662 was passed, there were no specified penalties for unlicensed printing. So that, in 1660 and 1661, numbers of unlicensed and unregistered publications, to which the printers' or booksellers' names *were* attached, appeared in the streets; but, of course, such unlicensed publications as contained really dangerous matter remained anonymous as before.

It is frequently stated that the year 1659—the year after Cromwell's death—was a time of anarchy and confusion, and that unlicensed tracts abounded. Such a statement is ludicrously untrue. In spite of the ten changes of government in 1659 (noted by Thomason in one of his MSS.), *not one single unlicensed newsbook appeared*, and very few other unlicensed pamphlets. The real period of anarchy was from 1647 to 1650, when swarms of unlicensed and scurrilous tracts issued from the press, in spite of unheard-of efforts to suppress them.

No one who has not gone through the Thomason collection, item by item, will be able properly to appreciate the amount of dreary, tiresome routine work, that went to the making of the catalogue, so ably edited and prefaced by Dr. G. K. Fortescue, Keeper of the Printed Books. And, as anyone will see, the idea of printing the ordinary tracts in chronological order, with the weekly newsbooks—the string

¹ November 6, 1651.

upon which the other pamphlets depend—separately indexed in chronological order at the end, is an excellent one, and has involved immense labour. Yet it is also necessary to draw attention to two very serious faults, which mar the whole catalogue. The first is the worst, and it ought to be remedied in any future edition. Thomason's dates are continually disregarded, and when the date of an event is known, tracts are classed under it without the slightest regard for the date on which they really appeared, or the purpose for which they were published. As a result, the importance and object of many of them is entirely obscured.

Take, for instance, the date of the fall of Drogheda, in 1649. Drogheda fell on Wednesday, September 12, 1649;¹ but, Cromwell himself stated that he took it on Tuesday, September 10th (I need hardly add that this is a double falsehood, nothing strange in Cromwell's reports). We have the following tracts catalogued under the date of September 11th (Tuesday): (1) "A true relation of the twenty weeks' siege of Londonderry." (2) "Two letters; one from Dublin, the other from Liverpool"; and (3) "A perfect and particular relation of the several marchings and proceedings of the Armie in Ireland, from the taking of Drogheda to this present."

One would think that if September 11th was the date accepted as that upon which Drogheda was taken, Cromwell's own despatches to the Parliament in which he announces its capture, would also be added to the above. Not so: these two despatches—read in the House of Commons on October 2nd, and printed on October 3rd (Thomason's date)—appear in the catalogue under the date of September 17th, only because Cromwell (untruthfully or erroneously), dated the *first* of the two despatches September 17th. Any more illogical or confusing method of arrangement it is impossible to conceive. The most important fact about these two dispatches, is that they were not known, opened, or read, until October 2nd. How is this to be recognized, if they are transferred to September 17th. Thomason's dates may not invariably be correct, but they are infinitely preferable to an arbitrary method of this kind, particularly as important issues often hang upon Thomason's dates, and *never* upon the arbitrary ones.

The issue here is whether the despatches were delayed

¹ According to Walter Frost, Secretary to the "Council of State," in his periodical, *The Brief Relation*, No. 1. published on October 2, 1649.

and the news suppressed in order to conceal what Cromwell had been doing at Drogheda. It is a vital one in the estimate of Cromwell's character, as Carlyle perceived, and it is deplorable, therefore, that the catalogue should thrust foolish dates of the kind before the eyes of the reader instead of Thomason's valuable contemporary ones.

Again, of the three tracts I have mentioned, credited to September 11th, the first actually was published on that date. But, as the "relation" (a letter) itself was dated June 19th, the tract should, if the system of cataloguing adopted had been carried out in its integrity, have appeared under the date of June 19th, and not September 11th. The second was not published until September 22nd. It is a tract by Walker, and his notebook confirms this date; but the ante-dating of it by the catalogue helps to obscure the fact that he published it (as he says on its title-page) in defiance of the licenser. This fact, and the contents of the tract, are in themselves sufficient to justify an indictment of Cromwell for concealing the news. As regards the third tract, it has an *imprimatur* at the end, bearing date, October 27th, and Thomason purchased it on October 29th. Why should this be dated September 11th in the catalogue?

When the question of the date of a document becomes of importance, and Thomason's dates are disputed, an advertisement in the newsbook will often be found to settle the matter. Advertisements never appeared more than once, or in more than one newsbook, and it is useless to look for them before 1648. If these fail, the Stationers' Registers should be consulted.

The second fault in the catalogue is also serious. Thomason's notes—often merely a word, sometimes an expletive, as when he calls Walker "a coxcome," are always valuable. Dr. Fortescue seems to be under the impression that these number eighty, and that the catalogue refers to them all. They number many hundreds, and the vast majority are omitted altogether; even when they do not appear on the newsbooks, and could, therefore, very well be reproduced. But in the case of the newsbooks, where it is hardly possible to reproduce them, at least the Index to the catalogue should have taken notice of Thomason's statements that "Durant Hotham" wrote *The Spie*, and that "Mr. Needham, author of *Politicus*," was the writer of *The Observer* of 1654. The Index is otherwise extremely defective, and takes no notice of initials.

J. B. WILLIAMS,

Those of his own Household.

MADAME CORENTINE.

CHAPTER I. (*Concluded.*)

THE two women were silent. The shutters were unfastened, and the mist clung heavily to the window-panes. It drifted slowly in heavy masses down the street, and the lights in the opposite houses seemed shining through wool. Not a sound came from the town. The prospect out of doors was gloomy: even inside the room a kind of enervating, miasmatic vapour seemed to have insinuated itself. Oh, how tired they were of inhaling Jersey fog!

Suddenly amidst the surrounding torpid silence, the bells of a neighbouring church began to ring. The sound was harmonious, and the chimes melted into each other through the damp air, till they reached the ear in one of those sudden appeals from the outer world which wake us as from a dream. Madame l'Hérécé leaned one arm against her work-frame and watched her daughter as she sat reading. Her thoughts had been straying in the painful shadows of the past and possible future.

"Simone, dear!" she said, tenderly.

The young girl raised her eyes and smiled. It was her usual response to any demonstration of affection from her mother. She smiled again, and both went on with their several occupations, convinced of their real attachment to each other. But there are days when human beings want more than such assurances.

"Simone, dear," repeated Madame l'Hérécé, "come and kiss me . . . I want it to-night . . . come quite close."

Simone stood up, and with a supple gesture put her book on the table, and sat down at Madame l'Hérécé's feet on a low chair.

¹ Translated from the French of René Bazin, by L. M. Leggatt.

The mother drew the beautiful dark head into her arms and wrapped the girl close to her breast, which rose and fell with long suppressed emotion. The fair head bent down, and between kisses and caresses came the words: "Simone, tell me, you do really love me, don't you?"

"Oh, Mama, I do."

"Much?"

"With all my heart."

"You don't want to leave me?"

"Of course I don't."

"Say it again. Tell me that you are happy here, in this house, with your mother."

"Of course I am quite happy, Mama. Where do you get such ideas from?"

She would have risen, but her mother held her close, and began to weep over her own fate, shedding great heavy tears.

"No, stay still. If you only knew . . . if you only knew. Simone, you hurt me so dreadfully . . . You shouldn't have written unknown to me."

"Unknown to you! I told you directly."

"Well, without asking my consent, if you like . . . that was what wounded me so."

Simone, feeling her mother's clasp relax, smoothed her hair, which Madame l'Héréec's caresses had ruffled, and stood up.

"Now, Mama," she said, turning towards her, "you know you would never have given me permission to write to my father, particularly in my own name. It is quite natural that I should sometimes think of him."

"Yes, it certainly is natural."

"Well, then, I don't know what you mean."

How could she understand that a tumult of jealousy was filling her mother's heart? How could the mother explain that such an innocent thing as her daughter's writing a word of remembrance to her half-forgotten father, wounded the elder woman, and seemed a threat, a weakening of her rights, a distant menace of parting?

Ever since the separation, Madame l'Héréec had lived in hourly dread lest the memory of the husband and father should gradually arise in her daughter's heart, prevail perhaps over her own influence, and sever her

last and only tie, the possession of her child. She feared that silent pleading, born of love and pity, which works with unsuspecting natures, turning countless trifles to the profit of the absent, interpreting even silence as regret, glorying in contradictions, and impossible to combat, since it cannot be refuted. Madame l'Héréec let her white hands drop in her lap in utter discouragement.

"Oh, Simone ! I am so unhappy to-night !"

The sound of real sorrow in her mother's voice touched Simone directly. She held out both hands to Madame l'Héréec with one of those looks which children only give to their mothers or to the Madonna.

"Don't you know," continued Madame l'Héréec, "that without you my existence would be unlivable? You are too young to remember how hard it was to take up our lives here in the beginning. I used to cry at night when you were in bed and asleep. I thought I should be everything to you, and the idea that one day you would repay me in love for all I was doing for you gave me strength to face rebuffs, useless attempts, and disappointments, when what I thought good ideas came to nothing . . . until the day when I had the inspiration of starting *La Lande Fleurie*. Oh, my darling ! I've worked like a slave ever since, and you know I still do, to dress you well, and buy you pretty things. I've given you a real *chambre de jeune fille*, and I've wanted you to have everything I used to have, and more !"

Simone smiled. Madame l'Héréec felt the girl had not escaped her, and yet she was irresistibly tempted to try and find how much of the daughter's heart had gone out to "him."

"We were wise to make ourselves happy in our own way and essential to each other," she said, absently touching her canvas with the tip of her pen; "yes, we were right indeed, for no one else cares for us !" . . .

She paused a moment, but no answer came.

"No one !" she continued. "We might have begged our bread, or died; no one would have cared what became of us."

She listened again, pen in hand. At last Simone answered.

"Well, but Mama, there's grandfather Guen."

"Yes, poor man, he writes regularly . . . and gives

us Perros news. I am quite sure he would, if necessary, take the long journey he did five years ago to come and see us. . . . But I could not ask anything more of him, and certainly I could not expect him to keep us. . . . You may take my word for it, *they* have quite washed their hands of us. *They* never want to hear either of our names mentioned again." More vague accusations against the mysterious "they," which could only mean one person who perpetually recurred in Madame l'Héréec's conversation! Simone hated to hear the spiteful pronoun. She disliked being forever set in judgment over her father.

"How can you think such things?" she asked, sadly.

"It is not imagination. I have proved it. There are the facts. What have you to set against them?"

Corentine's manner had become aggressive, as in past conjugal discussions. Her husband was speaking in Simone.

"After all, Mama," said Simone, "you haven't really needed anyone's help, thanks to your own activity and cleverness. It isn't wonderful that nobody has offered to help you. But as to no one taking any interest in us, I certainly have had proofs to the contrary."

"You? I should be curious to know what they were."

"The welcome I received when I used to spend the holidays at Lannion."

"And how many years ago is that?"

"Five," said Simone, in a lower voice.

"Nearly six, my dear. In other words, your father, having taken advantage of his rights in the beginning (he made enough fuss about his legal right to have you for the month of September), has grown tired of you. Your last visit to Lannion was when you were nine years old, and you are now fifteen. I do not call that taking a deep interest in you."

"Perhaps there are reasons of which I know nothing."

"Reasons? Reasons for a man breaking with his own daughter. Nonsense! It is plainly to be seen that you are determined to make excuses for him in every way." Madame l'Héréec averted her face as she spoke, irritated by the respectful, but unmistakable contradiction with which she had been met twice already that day. Now she looked straight into Simone's eyes. The girl was rather pale, but her face showed no sign of irresolution or timidity.

"Then I am to understand, Simone," said the mother,

carefully dwelling on each word, and speaking slowly, "that you would be quite prepared to go to Lannion if you were invited?"

"Yes."

"It would make you happy? You would like to go very much?"

"I think so," answered the poor child, torn between truth and the fear of hurting her mother's feelings, "that is, if I were invited."

"Well, then, I should think you will have to wait some time for the invitation!" said Madame l'Héréec, with a hard laugh. "Meanwhile, you had better go to bed. You are tired, and talking nonsense." . . .

Simone rose at once, and leaning over her mother, gave her a long kiss, as if to beg pardon for her boldness.

"Good-night," she said. "Aren't you going to bed too?"

"Oh! I am not sleepy."

The mother watched her pass beyond the circle of light from the lamp. One ray caught the chestnut gleam on a dark plait as the girl went through the door. Madame l'Héréec still sat gazing after Simone, when her visible presence had departed. The girl walked about her room a little and took up some of the ornaments on the mantel-piece, as if for the pleasure of handling something cold with hard edges. The mother heard the swish of a silk ribbon being untied, the soft thud of knees on a fur rug, a hurried murmur of prayer, and the silky rustle of garments dropped one by one on a chair. Then she caught a vague glimpse of a girlish figure, in a froth of lace, slipping into bed. She saw the virginal profile with closed eyes framed in the white aureole of the pillow. The only movement in the half-darkened room was the regular rise and fall of the sheet, and the only light, a dim ray of gold from the lamp, shining on Simone's hair, where it had escaped from the net.

Madame l'Héréec stood looking at her for a while, smiling with pride. No incident was too trifling to divert her mind. Passing circumstances did not make her forget her troubles completely, but she could always get rid of the most painful impression for a time. All pain or sorrow affected her changeable and nervous disposition in sudden attacks, so to speak. As she looked at Simone, her

thoughts reverted to her own youth. "She is not a bit like me," reflected the mother. "Our characters are totally different! She looks like a Madonna as she lies there sleeping. I was always laughing."

She bent down again over her work-frame, and tried to go on with the tracing. But the comparison of their girlhood had carried her far away, and instead of the meshes of the canvas, she was seeing once again her home with her father, the Captain, in the old, tumble-down house standing in a sheltered kind of recess at the back of the quay at Perros-Guirec. How comfortable it was, sheltered from the wind and prying neighbours. And it had a view, too, of the roadstead lying between its banks of swelling hills. The eye could see as far on the one side as the rocky prominence of the Castle, and the round tortoise-shaped *Isle de Tomé*, and on the other out to the reef of rocks where the water was dotted with a long line of foamy specks reaching out to the far horizon. In summer the rocky line looked like a gigantic heap of tea-roses floating on the blue water.

All the distant landscape, the wooded, ferny valleys, the cliffs, half covered with heather, and brown with seaweed at their base, as if they bore a double harvest; the townsfolk, the dwellers on the ruddy rocks of Ploumanac'h, the games in the harbour between two lines of waiting vehicles, the home-coming of father, always laden with presents after each journey, trinkets for Corentine and blessed medals for Marie-Anne, all these memory-pictures came to life once more, mirrored in the sunny mist of a Breton summer. She heard again the clear laughter of bands of little girls arm-in-arm, barring the way across the jetty; while the old folks wondered what made the children so gay, and joined in without understanding. Alas! they laughed for the sheer joy of living, and to know that they were beautiful even in the lustreless, sunken eyes of age! Corentine Guen laughed loudest and longest of all.

She looked again at Simone, and as quickly turned away. "Fair-haired," she murmured, "almost too fair to be a Bretonne. And my hair waved so tightly that they thought I crimped it. Simone is very, very handsome, . . . but in quite a different style. . . . She is dark . . . and not a bit vain . . . but I was. They were

too fond of telling me how pretty I was. . . . Father spoiled me. Some nights I fancied even the waves in the harbour were singing, *Jolie, jolie, La Corentine, jolie, jolie!*"

Yes, her father had spoiled her. He was proud of taking her out, for no other girl in Perros or Lannion had such a white skin, such a slender neck, and such eyes, tender or roguish by turns! She did not care for hard work; that was left to Marie-Anne, the younger daughter. Corentine preferred sewing, ironing, embroidering, or visiting friends less good-looking than herself. Hers was the true temperament of a Lannionaise, always in search of amusement. She adored dancing. When the season of "Pardons" came round at La Clarté, or even Pleumeur, Trébeurden, and Locquivy, she would dream about them for weeks before, and beg to be allowed to go. Father and daughter would start off together, he in his blue sailor's suit, with silk buttons stamped with an anchor, and she in a light-coloured dress and long, pale grey scarf with silken fringe, wearing the gala head-dress, which suited her so perfectly. Her golden hair hung in two plaited loops beneath the muslin cap of the country, which is shaped like a white shell and touches the shoulders of the wearer. They were almost the last to come back at nightfall. Father would scold a little, and Corentine would beg to stay on. She came away from the ball tired out, intoxicated with compliments, admiration, and consciousness of the jealousy she had aroused. She drove home lulled into a delicious langour by the movement of the vehicle, while the Captain sat on the box as straight as on parade, driving through the night air. When they reached home, Marie-Anne, who never went with her sister to the "Pardons," would come down in her petticoat at the first knock, half frightened, and blinking with sleepy eyes. A whiff of air would blow in, scattering the ashes on the hearth.

On one such night Corentine Guen's fate was decided. She could not miss the Fête of Lannion, which lasted two days in each year, the last Sunday and Monday in August. On the Sunday night there is a real ball beneath the elm trees of Guer, with seats in tiers above a gravel path, Venetian lanterns and coloured lights, strung in festoons from the trees, an orchestra playing, and the ordinary

uninvited public kept out by a wooden barrier. . . . The branches are golden in the lamplight, the ships are full-dressed with flags. All the country-side has assembled: châtelaines and their husbands from old estates hidden away among fields of buckwheat, naval officers in uniform, crowds of officials in gold-braided coats (for men from the dockyard staff frequently take wives from places like Lannion), townsfolk, young girls from all the neighbouring cliff villages, wild to dance and show off their fine clothes, seeking husbands or displaying their betrothal jewelry. . . .

At the Fête of Lannion you see the gala head-dress in perfection, its two peaked wings waving above the pretty slim necks of the Breton maidens, like flowers on their stems. There you will see the famous long gold earrings, the silk apron, and the special Lannion walk, the head held well back, while the fringed shawl waves to and fro on its wearer. Corentine Guen was foremost amongst them, prettiest and most admired by all. She was sixteen, and had never felt so happy nor so self-satisfied. It was just at this moment, when a hundred or so of young men were about to choose their partners, that a man came up and asked her to dance.

He did not belong to the dockyard staff, but looked like a gentleman; he was young, tall, and quiet-looking, with a square, black beard. At the first glance she saw that he had come especially for her. As he drew near, he looked at her with almost devout admiration, as if she were a statuette of some saint. She began to feel shy before he spoke.

"Mademoiselle Corentine Guen, I believe?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I have no one to introduce me, but our families are acquainted. I am Guillaume l'Héréc, of Tréquier."

Without another word he held out his arm. She took it, but could not think of anything to say; she felt strangely agitated, almost frightened. He talked a little as they danced, but only of commonplace things, as he would have talked to any other girl. He was very careful not to crush the grey dress and embroidered coif, and barely touched his partner, as if she were some fragile, precious thing. But she could read his thoughts. They were Bretons, and silence and reserve seemed natural to

both. She would have liked not to dance again all the evening, after he had taken her back to her seat.

He came up to invite her again, and she could not summon up a smile. The boldest thing he could find to say was, "I saw you at the last 'Pardon' at Pleumeur, and I dared not venture to ask you to dance." She felt agitated at these awkwardly cold words, which hid depths of passion.

Madame l'Héréec rarely allowed her memory to carry her farther back than this episode. In olden days her complacent vanity had kept her in overflowing spirits. Now, wounded self-love refused to remember the sad years which had elapsed since. She constrained herself to forget them. She preferred thinking of childhood, and remembering herself as pretty little Corentine, for whom everyone had a smile in the streets of Perros and Lannion, and life was all happiness. Madame l'Héréec seemed to have lost her will-power, or perhaps some association from the past had powerfully awakened her ever youthful imagination, for she allowed her thoughts to roam uncontrolled. Once more she recalled the Fête of Lannion, Guillaume l'Héréec's declaration of love, and the violent opposition from his mother "Madame Jeanne," a cold and obstinate Bretonne from Tréguier.

Certainly if Madame Jeanne could have stopped the marriage it would never have taken place. She opposed her son bitterly, and said all she could against it. She reminded him of the disparity of fortune (for the l'Héréecs came of a wealthy old bourgeois family), of the young girl's coquetry, and of the reputation for frivolity and flightiness ascribed to all the women of Lannion. She hated Lannion with the blind, narrow aversion of the peasant who lives a few miles away. All her own forbears had been baptized and married in the dark old cathedral of Tréguier, and slept their last sleep beneath its shadow. The honour of their ancient name, their prosperity and reputation for commercial honesty had slowly grown up on the rocky soil along the deep banks of the Jaudy. And now she would have to leave the cradle of her race, to look for the last time at the Hastings Tower, whence curfew tolled over the sleepy town at night, transplant herself at over fifty years of age, and follow the caprice of a little chit who had fascinated the heart, the weak

heart, of her Guillaume! The great grievance against Corentine was that she insisted on her husband living in Lannion. She had declared that she would die of dulness in the gloomy town of Tréguier, and had sneered freely at the narrow, depressing life of its inhabitants. Guillaume gave way to her, in spite of every one else, because he could not resist his fiancée's pleading blue eyes. He sold the oil-mill which had founded the fortunes of the family, and bought another one, more modern and farther from the sea, close to Lannion. The dreamy, timid Breton, hitherto so submissive to his mother, became obdurate and almost harsh when it came to the departure which Madame Jeanne had so much dreaded. But his mother had her revenge. Little Corentine soon showed herself frivolous and extravagant. With her good looks it was impossible to refuse to take her into Breton society, always ready to welcome anyone connected with the l'Héréec family. Invitations flowed in, and brought about triumphs for the young wife, and malicious gossip from the narrow little bourgeois circle which incessantly chattered and prattled of her doings. Sometimes they said she was too clever; at others, too fond of a joke. Poor sixteen-year-old bride! She little knew what her love of dancing was to cost her, nor how dearly she would have to pay for dining with rich townspeople in the neighbourhood, and at small country manor-houses where Guillaume would take her in grandfather Jobie's freshly-painted cabriolet.

When husband and wife stayed away from home for a day or two, Madame Jeanne, who had been accustomed to business from her childhood, took command of the factory, and replaced her son as much of necessity as out of love of power. She was mistress over the house in the Rue-du-Pavé-Neuf, since it had been bought with the savings of her widowhood. Guillaume would find her out of humour on his return. She pointed out that they were living too extravagantly, that their friends were above their position, and besides leading them to spend above their means, caused them to neglect business. She told him the spiteful gossip that she picked up among the special set of old people she herself frequented. She honestly tried to find out whether the *risqué* remarks, and the generally careless behaviour of her daughter-in-law could be explained away for the sake of her son, whom she loved with all

the passion which had filled her widowed heart since the death of Monsieur Jobie. Guillaume, still the lover, made excuses for Corentine, and declared that she was slandered; yet, in spite of himself, he could not quite shake off even the reports he did not believe in. He went on living in the same style to please Corentine. Madame Jeanne called it a dissipated life; it was no worse than frivolous and expensive, but the jealous and distrustful Bretonne, swift to suspect but slow to denounce, was on the alert. The birth of the child might have put things right, and Guillaume hoped it would. But when his wife, in the pride of her young motherhood, tried to take her proper place in the household, she found herself opposed by Madame Jeanne. They disagreed on every possible subject. Madame Corentine's lightest wishes were set aside by Madame Jeanne, her orders contradicted, and her requests disregarded or misunderstood. The name of Simone, unusual in Brittany, the choice of a wet nurse, whom one wished to import from Lannion, and the other insisted on hiring from Tréguier, all these were causes of dispute, and when Madame Corentine declared that she intended to *tutoyer* her daughter, a custom unknown in the l'Héréec family, violent scenes would take place, with reproaches and insulting references to the humble position of the Guens.

By this time the young wife was getting so uncomfortable in the house at Lannion, strictly watched and unfairly blamed for the most innocent things, that she left her husband no peace until he promised to go back to the worldly life of their first year of marriage. But the seed of discord sown between Guillaume and Corentine was rising and spreading. Harassed by his mother about *la Lannionaise*, sick of being the helpless witness of perpetual quarrels, Guillaume gradually discovered his wife's faults for himself. He saw that she was vain as a spoilt child, and that her empty little head was only occupied with the admiration of strangers. He chafed at knowing what the old inhabitants of Lannion thought of her. Business began to go badly, debts cropped up, and undermined the revenues of the l'Héréec family. They were not really rich, except as compared to the poverty in the neighbouring parts of the country. He, in his turn, reproached his wife bitterly and furiously, as if his long

patience had broken bounds at last, and became as obstinate and narrow-minded as his mother.

In the silent room in King Street Madame Corentine lived over again these scenes of the past. She watched the slow disintegration of love, through the ever-recurring discussions, the fury of her husband and his shameful treatment of her before even the servants and the child, until one night he insulted and struck her, pushing her against a piece of furniture and almost knocking her down after a dinner party at the de Couedans where she had behaved improperly, according to the ideas of a "Tréguier man married to an unsatisfactory wife from Lannion."

The brute! All the horror of years gone by passed before her, the end of all things, the flight, the scandal and gossip of the whole country-side, the legal dispute for the possession of the child, even Perros becoming uninhabitable, and Jersey, a last refuge where she could hide Simone and keep her.

Her face flushed crimson, and her heart beat with rage till the work-frame shook in the little hands which grasped it tightly. Madame Corentine had not been so agitated for a very long time. Her anger was still as hot as ever; she was still her old self, and she felt furious words ready to burst from her lips at the thought of the husband who was brutal to his wife, and weak in his mother's hands! The agitation she had fallen into, warned Madame Corentine that she must stop and calm herself. She leaned back sighing, and passed her hand across her eyes, wondering what she could fix her thoughts on so as to distract her mind. Suddenly she remembered the letter which she had received on coming home that afternoon. She took the crumpled envelope, and opened it slowly, so as to give the new train of thought time to work and amuse her. The letter came, as she expected, from her father.

"Perros, July 24th.

"My dear Daughter,

"All is well at Perros, except that old Mother Gode Téec, who begged her bread, will want no more, as she is dead. The farmers are pleased with their corn, and the buckwheat is coming on well. As I passed by Le Hédron I saw a piece of ground where there is stuff

for many a dozen galettes¹ in the year. You know that these things don't interest me much, but I am pleased for the sake of the neighbours whose money is in their land.

"I haven't had any good hauls of fish lately. I think the coast just here is empty; one must go as far as Les Iles to find anything, and even then you can't always be sure of getting fish. I have to put more canvas out, and my boat is as old as myself. I must tell you, my dear daughter, that I was upset once, crossing to l'Isle Rougie, since yours to hand of the 30th June, but neither I nor the boat came to any harm. Some men from Ploumanac'h picked us both up, under the half-hour. You need not worry, it is not my turn yet, as you see. I must also tell you that Marie-Anne will be confined in a few days. She cannot get about any longer. Her husband is at sea, and she would very much like to have you with her at her time; in fact, she wants you to be godmother. I know you will want to think over this. She doesn't like to write and ask you herself, so I offered to do so. The poor child frets so at not having seen you for the last ten years.

"Kiss the young lady for me (after all she is my granddaughter), and,

"Believe me,

"Your devoted father,

"CAPTAIN GUEN."

Madame Corentine read the latter part of the letter twice, and whispered the word "Godmother" to herself, over and over again. She had not expected the suggestion, which was rather disturbing. She read between the lines of old Guen's stiff and cold letter, and understood the emotion he must have felt as he wrote. She could hear the conversation he must have had with Marie-Anne. She pictured her, timid and frightened at the approaching ordeal, and longing to have beside her the sister whom she had "not seen for ten years." He said nothing of himself. Poor father! He had not seen his daughter either for ten years, except once in a flying visit to Jersey; she had always refused firmly to set foot on Breton soil.

"Godmother," repeated the young woman, crumpling

¹ Translator's note. A *galette* is a large slab of glazed pastry similar to our flaky pie-crust.

the unfolded sheet, "It's impossible. I could never go near Perros again!"

The intense irritation of her recent mood kept coming over her in waves. "*No, no, no, no!*" she repeated to herself. She would never go back to the place where she had suffered so much, and from whence she had been driven by spite and the basest envy. Phrases of her father's letter, which she still held tightly, rang in her ears like a recurring song. "Marie-Anne is expecting a child . . . her husband is at sea . . . She wants you . . ." Corentine felt the idea working in the depths of her woman's nature, in spite of her wounded pride and the refusal on her lips. What an evening of misery! She rose, in order to put an end to the interior conflict.

It was time for bed. Simone was sleeping in the next room, her clasped hands showed long and white against the wall. The silence outside was so intense that the mother could hear her child's deep, regular breathing. She shuddered suddenly, with a sort of intuitive vision of their terrible dilemma. The sleeping girl had opened up a fresh problem that afternoon. She was evidently thinking more of her father than she had been willing to admit, and perhaps longed to see him. The long separation had caused some ideal of a father to grow up in the virginal heart, and she was hiding her adoration as other girls might conceal love for a possible husband. Was it not dangerous to allow this to go on, and to keep up the constraint which fostered these secret rosy visions of home and relations? Ought they not bravely to face the danger and accept Guen's invitation? What was Corentine to answer, if one day Simone declared her duty was to go to her father and neglect him no longer? What power would the mother have to fix the length of her absence, if the girl did go? Maternal authority would be weakened to start with, because Simone would have dispensed with her mother's consent, and between them there would have been a long and bitter struggle before such a state of things could come to pass! And if the father received his daughter kindly, as Corentine was sure he would, the girl, flattered and petted in her new home, would certainly resent having been kept away so long. She would accuse her mother, (and in her heart refuse to forgive her), for having deprived her of such legitimate happiness.

When she came back to Jersey she would be utterly changed, a daughter who would question her mother closely, and blame her long jealousy. . . .

Perhaps some immediate change, such as the journey to Brittany, might avert all this. Yes, she would spend a week at Perros and send Simone for two or three days to Lannion. . . . Madame l'Héréec could surely set limits to a favour which had not even been asked. She would bring her daughter back on a fixed date. The generosity would be all on the maternal side, and Simone would feel bound in honour to keep her word to the mother who had let her go. The false position which they were now in would be altered. It would be clearly seen that Madame l'Héréec had nothing to fear, and was not vindictive, since she sent the daughter to the father of her own accord.

But pride and vindictiveness were even then rending her troubled soul. Madame Corentine felt the ground tremble under her feet at the mere idea of going to Brittany. Was not she herself bringing about the parting she had dreaded so long? She to send her daughter among her enemies! The father was bad enough, but Madame Jeanne literally loathed her! She must be mad to let herself be upset by a letter from old Guen, and a child's caprice. Yes, mad, mad, mad! She repeated the word in the deathly silence; her soul seemed empty of all but conflicting feelings. Who would deliver, advise, save her? She went to the window and pressed her forehead against the damp, cloudy panes, behind which the east wind was driving the fog higher and higher. Oh, the sadness of an empty, gloomy street at night, when not one soul seems awake in the shuttered houses! All are sleeping, not a creature passes along the road, not one solitary star looks down upon the lonely forsaken woman who is fighting with her own conscience. . . .

At last Madame l'Héréec crossed the room and went to Simone's bedside. Feverishly she gathered up two long locks of dark hair straying over the pillow, and leaning down, kissed them passionately. Then she stood looking long and fixedly at her sleeping child, who had written to her absent father away in France.

(To be continued.)

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The Earliest English Sodality, B.V.M.

THE following paragraph is translated from the report of the first visitation of the English College, Rome, made in the year 1585. The Sodality, which was there founded in union with the *Prima Primaria* of the Roman College, is no doubt the earliest institution of the sort for English speaking Sodalists. It continued to flourish for nearly 200 years, until the suppression of the Society in 1773. The foundation of the Sodality at St. Omers cannot have been till after 1592, but as it continues at Stonyhurst until the present day, it must by this be the oldest English Sodality now existing. It may quite possibly be the oldest Sodality which now survives. The record¹ runs thus:

The Sodality of the M.B.V. Mary, Mother of God, was instituted in the English College, on the feast of the Assumption, 1581. The matter had been often and fully discussed; and the erection was earnestly desired and petitioned for by several of the foremost scholars of the College for some time previously. The year was the third after the foundation of the College by Pope Gregory XIII., and the persecution in England was then at its height. The name of the Rector of the College was Father Alfonso Agazario, S.J., and the first Sodalists were twelve, their names;—Richard Barrett, Andrew Gibbons, Alexander Rigby, Richard Enghiam, Oliver Halliwell, John Bolton, William Bishop, John Cornelius, Christopher Southworth, Ralph Bickley, William Cowling, John Tippet.

The careers of these twelve, so far as they can be followed, were all worthy of having been Apostles of English Sodalists. One, now the Venerable John Cornelius, became a martyr, two rose to highest dignities which the English

¹ The above record is printed by Meyer, *England und die katholische Kirche unter Elizabeth*, 1910, Rome; page 449. He unfortunately omits the Sodality rules.

Church had then to offer, Barret becoming President of Douay, and Bishop was in better times the first Vicar-Apostolic in England. Two died, full of promise but very young (Gibbons and Enghiam). Three became Jesuits (Cornelius, Bickley, Enghiam); one (Rigby) a Dominican; and one (Tippet) a Carthusian. The latter had had the honour of having his ears barbarously slit, out of hatred to the Faith, before he came to College. Bickley, Bolton, Halliwell, and Southworth, suffered long years of imprisonment. Cowling's career cannot be followed after he took his degree at Douay.

J. H. P.

The Taint of the Cleric.

Nothing is more remarkable than the quasi-magical effect exercised by certain elements which historians are wont to discover in the conduct of those with whom they have to deal, and which furnish handy and compendious keys to the appreciation of events which their readers are invited to adopt. On the one hand, much that might seem altogether excellent is vitiated by the impression of what has come to be accepted as altogether degraded and degrading. On the other hand, no violation of justice or honour is too bad to be condoned, if it be but set against something assumed to be still worse.

It is particularly in connection with the bugbear of Clericalism that we find this exhibited, by the term being understood whatever savours of priestly, above all of papal, influence. This is clearly regarded as the eternal enemy, not only in the sense of Gambetta's famous phrase, but far beyond it. Who, for example, ever posed as so stern a moralist as Thomas Carlyle, or declaimed more vigorously against the abuses and immoralities of the decadent monarchy of France? Might it not be supposed that any attempt to reform what so roused his indignation would find in him a thorough sympathizer? But not so. When at a comparatively early period in his long reign, Louis XV., during a campaign in Flanders, being taken ill and seriously alarmed, wished to receive the rites of the Church, it was insisted that before this could be, Mademoiselle Chateauroux, who accompanied him with her handboxes and rouge-pots, should be

dismissed, the sympathies of Carlyle seem at once to transfer themselves to her side, inasmuch as she had to fly with wet cheeks and flaming heart from that fever-scene, "driven forth by sour shavelings."

Thirty years later the scene was in substance repeated, Louis XV. was near his end, and as the historian observes, "his Majesty has religious faith; believes at least in a Devil." Accordingly he desires to receive the Sacraments. Carlyle does not conceal his contempt for such anxiety, and makes merry over the King's eagerness to have "his Sacraments," and the look-out kept for their approach. The vigilant priesthood are resolved that they shall find no access to the sick-bed till the Dubarry has been got rid of; and when Louis had actually confessed, and the Viaticum was about to be administered, the Royal Confessor, who for his pains, is styled "foolish Abbé Moudon," intervenes, to insist that the dying monarch should utter a public expression of regret for the scandal he has given, an expression certainly by no means excessive.

So the Dubarry is at length driven away, but although constantly loaded with obloquy, it would appear that those who insisted on some public recognition of the Law of God, were in the eyes of Carlyle, even more offensive than she.

J. G.

"Jesuit" Art.

It is a common practice to attribute to the Jesuits whatever Catholic canons of conduct the ignorant or prejudiced non-Catholic dislikes. And this practice extends to Art as well as to Morality. A reviewer in the *Morning Post*, for August 30, 1911, speaking apparently out of the abundance of his own knowledge for he says the point is not raised in the book under review,¹ devotes a column to a tirade against the "Art of the Jesuits," which in the best philosophico-historical style, he describes as the necessary outcome of what he takes to be the Jesuit spirit. "The marked trait of the whole Jesuit movement," says the reviewer, "is that it always deals with religion in terms of materialism. There is nothing

¹ *La Sculpture aux XVII et XVIII Siècles.*

contemplative in its attitude, nothing rapt or meditative or belonging to the inward vision." And as the men, so are their churches, exhibiting a "passion for pomp and grandiosity, and an outward display of wealth." Now the worst of these historical generalizations is that, if they are to stand, they need a certain substratum of fact, and this our reviewer does not supply. He would find it, indeed, difficult if he tried, for the simple reason that seventeenth century Jesuit churches are of all sorts. The rule of the Order says that its members should wear no distinctive habit, but simply the ordinary dress of the clergy in the country in which they reside. It is much the same as regards their Church architecture and decoration. If exception is to be made it is rather in their favour. So far from leading the way in "vulgarizing" ornament, they were in many places conspicuous for resisting that tendency. In an interesting article in this periodical,¹ the late Mr. H. W. Brewer, whose mastery of the whole subject cannot be disputed, published a special study of this aspect of it, which provides sufficient evidence for saying that the influence of the Society, so far as it went, was generally on the side of good taste. As few of our readers are now likely to have access to that article, we may be allowed to quote a few salient passages from it. Mr. Brewer admits that there is a large school of writers upon architecture who seem

to have taken it for granted that, just as the Benedictines originated the earliest form of Gothic church, and the Cistercians developed it, the Society of Jesus gave it its death-blow . . . and by these writers the Society is made responsible not only for the introduction of the Italian style of Church architecture into the North of Europe, but even for all the wild vagaries and eccentricities of the "Roccoco" period. So frequently has this been repeated that it hardly enters into the head of anyone to doubt it.

It is this persuasion that Mr. Brewer sets out to remove, and he does so by an exhaustive survey of the chief Jesuit churches in Europe, erected late in the sixteenth and the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century, he owns,

when architecture, on the Continent at least, went stark, staring mad . . . the churches of the Society were somewhat affected by the degraded taste of the age, but even in the midst of all

¹ "The 'Jesuit Style' of Architecture," *THE MONTH*, March, 1879.

this debasement and vulgarity, the churches erected by the Society retained much of their dignity of proportion and a certain amount of grandeur.

But the seventeenth century is the period selected by the *Morning Post* reviewer. Mr. Brewer shows that during that period the Society erected many fine Gothic churches, at a time, that is, when the style had been practically abandoned by every one else, and he quotes eulogistic comments from various authorities on the churches of the Order, especially in Germany. It will be enough here to give his conclusions.

We think that the facts we have stated amply prove that the Society had no hand in the abolition of Gothic architecture, but that, on the contrary, they were the very latest real Gothic architects, and that under their auspices were produced buildings which are unequalled by any others erected in that style during the same period If the influences surrounding, the prejudices of the people, the want of public sympathy with the style of architecture, the fashion of the day or the want of stability in the style itself, ultimately forced the Society to abandon it for one which was more popular and better understood by the age, surely they cannot be blamed for its destruction or disappearance; and we think we have proved that when the Society did entirely abandon the Gothic style and adopt the Italian, they used that style in a noble and simple manner, and avoided as much as possible the eccentricities and absurdities of the "Roccoco."

This then must be allowed to stand in rebuttal of the charge against the Society of degrading Church architecture as soon as their influence began to be felt, a charge which would not have been worthy of notice, if it had not been based on an assumed and unproved worldliness of spirit and aim, characteristic of the Order.

J. K.

English Colleges in Eighteenth Century Spain.

Society, before the French Revolution, was everywhere marked by exaggerated formalism; sometimes it sank into inertia and decadence. Spain was one of the worst sufferers under this retrograde movement, and the English colleges there were depressed like their surroundings. Dr. Burton has given us a gloomy picture of them in his *Life and Times*

of Bishop Challoner.¹ Out of the three Seminaries,² Seville and Lisbon (for Portugal may be counted with Spain here), had, by 1760, practically ceased to send out any priests at all, and Valladolid was reduced to a mere handful. The English Vicars Apostolic were most properly impatient at this sad state of things. They wrote strong letters to Rome requiring reform, but whether their representations were ever sent on or whether they ever received an answer, does not appear. We cannot, of course, supply the information now, which is to be regretted, for one can never understand a debated subject by hearing one side; and the protests of the English Vicars of course only represent one view, and that in distant perspective.

Still there are a few things about the surroundings which we do know, and as they help to clear up some of the obscurity that hangs about the subject, they may be given here.

First, let us remember the great decrease of vocations. The number of Catholics in England was steadily shrinking. When the Spanish Colleges were being founded (1590—1595), the faithful in England were more than twice as numerous as they were in 1760, and there was hardly any other place to send ecclesiastical students. France was then being ravaged by the wars of religion. Rheims was unsafe, and half-starving; there was as yet not one single noviceship for the English subjects of any Religious Order. In the latter half of the eighteenth century all was reversed. The field for recruits was reduced by a half, the places for them multiplied threefold or fourfold. Douay was in its glory, with its special preparatory school, and scholars for it were being sought out with zeal by the Bishops and the secular clergy. There were also seven Religious Orders for men, with special novitiates and houses of studies on the Continent comparatively near home. They all had their representatives in England, who kept a good watch for vocations to their respective bodies. Thus recruiting for the Spanish seminaries was then carried on under great difficulties. Moreover England and Spain were not unfrequently at war in those days, and then the stream of boy travellers would

¹ ii. 100, 102.

² The so-called college at Madrid, begun in 1611, never reached maturity. It was hoped that situated in the capital it might attract alms, but the fortunes of Spain were declining, the institution could not continue and it soon ceased.

be still further restricted. It will be noticed that the Vicars do not complain that admission to the seminaries is ever refused; only that the men turned out are so few.

Though many illustrations of the sad shrinkage then in progress might be offered, one will suffice. The English College, Rome, used to support fifty scholars and more. Now, even with the Pope and the Cardinal Protector to press the authorities at home to send out students, they could rarely get thirty, and these often small boys, "who will have to begin in a manner from the first elements," as Bishop Challoner wrote to Father Booth, the Rector. Later on, April 19, 1776, the Bishop was unable to send any, and had to explain that the English of the better class, with such good means of education near home, will not expose their children to the danger of the voyage.¹ It follows from the reception of young boys, that the time taken to train students in later times was very much longer than at the earlier period, and so the number of priests sent home was still further reduced.

There are several other adverse circumstances on which there will be no need to dwell at length. The colleges were not under the care of the English, but of the Spanish Jesuits, who, however, called in an English Padre or two to help. Thus those who were likely to be most interested in the work being done well, had little, if any, influence in the management. This system had been introduced because the seminaries were originally supported on alms, and the English Fathers had not the *entrée* to the circles where alms were to be procured, nor the language whereby to beg. The system was continued, because, though the necessity for begging had passed, for each Seminary now subsisted on a Government pension, the Spanish officials still liked to make the payments into Spanish hands. Indeed, the English Fathers did not know how to fulfil all the legal formalities, or how to bring pressure to bear when payment (as often happened), was deferred. This brings us back again to the point from which we started, the overgrowth of formalism which was sapping all Spanish society at this period. It would be absurd to suppose that the Jesuits and their institutions were exempt from the common faults of their age.²

¹ English College, Rome, *Scrittura*, xlv.

² It is interesting to compare the English with the Irish colleges in Spain. See *Catholic Encyclopædia*, viii. 160.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The Suppression of the Society of Jesus, ruinous to religion in so many matters, had at least one commendable effect. It pricked up the Spanish Government to improve on the organization of the Spanish seminaries, and when they and the English Bishops were agreed, their reform could be, and was soon successfully carried through.

J. H. P.

A Legendary Feat.

Doctor Lingard, as we all know, was a distinguished historian and controversialist. From his recently published biography we learn that he was likewise an accomplished skater, so that, as we are told, he could easily cut his name on the ice, and many were attracted to see him do it.

No doubt, we have all frequently heard of such a performance as having been not uncommon in days of old, and it may seem startling to be told that in the judgment of good authorities the thing is an impossibility, and has never been accomplished. So, at least, we are assured on the authority of two members of the London Skating Club, which claims to contain the best skaters in the world.¹ They write:

It is most strange, but no less strange than true, that the feat (except when done by standing on one foot and scraping the ice into the semblance of letters with the other), is an impossibility, either to ancient or modern skating.

J. G.

A Protestant Prophet.

In the January *Nineteenth Century* there is an article, entitled "The Passing of the Oxford Movement," which is made the occasion of a somewhat bitter and unscrupulous attack upon the character of Canon Liddon, regarded by the author as the chief embodiment of the spirit of Tractarianism. The Canon's friends, if they think it worth while, will no doubt vindicate his memory from the discreditable charges with

¹ *Figure Skating*, by H. E. Vandervell and T. Maxwell Wisdram (1889), p. 293.

which the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke has thought fit to load it. The Oxford Movement itself we are not concerned to defend, except in so far as it reached its logical issue in submission to the Catholic Church; when it ceased to be a movement and stopped short of that term, it was bound to involve its adherents in all sorts of confusions and sophisms. But Mr. Clarke, who is deeply read in the Protestant divines of the old school, so deeply indeed, that his style is infected by theirs, and is a particularly nauseous example of controversial bad manners, is not content with denouncing the theological shortcomings of Canon Liddon, judged by his own lofty Protestant standard, but has the impertinence to claim, in support of his various heresies, venerable Doctors and theologians of the Catholic Church. Now, readers of *THE MONTH* have already made the acquaintance of this particular assailant of their faith. He is of the same generic type, although on a more reputable plane, as the Porcellis, Hockings and Limbricks of the low Protestant press. The measure of his scholarship has been shown by his resuscitation of the old calumny that Catholics give divine honour to the Pope, the measure of his courtesy and charity by his reiteration of that insult after various Catholics had pointed out to him his error.¹ What we were led to expect from him by these experiences, we find in abundance in the article before us, the aim of which is to show that, judging by the alleged predominance of historical literature written with a "free, impartial, and Protestant outlook," the Catholic tendencies of the High Church party are ceasing to have much effect, and the Establishment is consequently returning to its original anti-Catholic ideals. As we have implied, Mr. Clarke's diagnosis is somewhat too "free, impartial, and Protestant" to have much weight or value. "Partisan" is written large over his pages, and if "dishonest" does not precede it, that is only because the possibilities of self-sophistication are well-nigh endless. We may leave that aspect of his paper to people like Archdeacon Wirgman, who has recently written a book to expose the "Foreign Protestantism within the Church of England," and turn to some passages in which he endeavours to claim the support of Catholic writers for his own various heresies.

He begins bravely enough by suggesting that St. Augus-

¹ See *THE MONTH*, "Our Lord God the Pope," Jan, 1911; "Poisoning the Wells," March, 1911.

tine calls the Sacramental system Pelagian.¹ Then he goes on still more boldly to say (p. 138) that "it is a point that has never been settled by the united wisdom of the Christian Church what specific benefit is conveyed in Infant Baptism." We might hope that it was only for a moment that this Anglican divine had forgotten what our Lord said to Nicodemus, except that he affirms later that the "strictly literal doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration" was denied by "twelve centuries of Fathers." We may notice in passing that Fathers, when they seem to deny Catholic doctrine, are regarded by Mr. Clarke as infallible, but the same note does not attach to their assertions of the Faith.

Furthermore, as if desirous to overwhelm his readers by the very audacity of his misrepresentations, he asserts in a later passage (p. 139) that

For thirteen hundred years the Christian Church has accepted Augustine's view and quoted Augustine's language to the effect that the broken Bread and the poured-out Wine are "symbols" of Christ's Passion, which we must "spiritually eat and drink" by "meditating" on the benefits of His Atonement,

giving a reference to the passage in *De doctrina Christiana* quoted and explained in every Catholic text-book. Nothing is said, of course, of the many passages in which St. Augustine teaches unequivocally the Real Presence, nothing to indicate that the Saint is here maintaining what every Catholic holds, viz., that our Lord in the Eucharist is not received *carnally* as the Capharnaites imagined, but that the eating (not the Presence), is *figurative*, as Christ under the Sacred Species is not exposed to physical action, and again, that spiritual faith is necessary for worthy reception. He proceeds to allege that various other Fathers and theologians bear out what he thinks St. Augustine means, but his references are all second-hand, taken without discussion from ancient Protestant controversial works, all, *i.e.* except one, and that happily enables us to illustrate how far this *doctor doctorum* is from understanding what he is talking about. After asserting that the "'Black Rubric,' repeats almost verbatim the essential part

¹ P. 136. Mr. Clarke's description of the system is so misleading and inadequate that it is not easy to see what St. Augustine is supposed to condemn. And the only reference given—"See his admirable *Op. impf. c. 7ul.*"—shows indeed Mr. Clarke's slipshod, second-hand scholarship (the treatise cited is contained in six books and occupies 600 pages of small print in Migne!), but does not help one to verify his assertion.

of Aquinas' several arguments [1] that Christ's Body being now in heaven cannot at the same time be on earth," he adds in a footnote:

See that jungle (? jumble) of contradictions, the *Summa* 2,2: [sic, the correct reference is 3] Q. lxxv, art. 1, where Aquinas expressly allows that in this sacrament Christ's Body is present, not according to reality, but "*only* in a figure or so to speak by way of a *sign*" "according to the exposition of Augustine."

Now, it will hardly be believed that this Anglican scholar has actually taken for the doctrine of St. Thomas one of the objections with which according to his wont he begins each of his articles and which are placed there expressly, to be refuted! The insufferable arrogance with which this amateur sets out to correct the Catholic Church finds a fitting nemesis in his making this gross and ludicrous blunder. We may be excused from further notice of Mr. Clarke. We are now not surprised that, forgetting the Council of Nicæa, he calls our Blessed Lady's title, Mother of God, "largely a heresy of the seventh century" (p. 142), nor that he says that "the Huguenots were massacred with the full concurrence of the Pope" (*ibid*). His history is on a par with his theology, and neither, we are afraid, hold out much of a prospect for the success of the Protestant revival.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The "Star" of the Magi.

NOT much knowledge of astronomy is required to destroy the notion that the "star" of the Magi was a star in the strict sense, one of those luminaries akin to our sun, the nearest of which is yet so inconceivably remote that the diameter (not of the earth but) of the earth's orbit—some 185 million miles—if viewed from its surface would seem dwarfed to an indivisible point. But not a few sound commentators have been disposed to believe that the appearance which drew the Wise Men to Jerusalem and Bethlehem was occasioned by the "conjunction" of several of the planets. The computation first made by Kepler in 1603 that such a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn occurred three times (in May, October and December) in the year B.C. 7, has been welcomed by many rationalist scholars, who cannot

dispute the historicity of the narrative, as affording a plausible means of eliminating the supernatural. The combined effulgence of two bright planets might give the suggestion of a strange "star," and the varied planetary movements, now east now west with an interval of pause, would fit in with the idea of guidance. One need not, of course, be a rationalist to seek some such natural grounds for the phenomenon. It is a perfectly sound principle of biblical exegesis not to have recourse to the miraculous for the explanation of events recorded until other explanations have been proved inadequate. Conceived in this spirit, a very learned and ingenious piece of reasoning has been put forward by Father Steinmetzer in our contemporary, the *Irish Theological Quarterly*, aiming at showing that the planetary conjunction aforesaid, interpreted on customary astrological principles, was enough to bring the Magi to Bethlehem without supernatural intervention. The argument is developed with great skill and illustrated by reference to ancient Babylonian "omen-tablets," yet we venture to think that his zeal for his theory has blinded the author to the amount of violence it must do to the Sacred Text. There we read that "the star which they had seen in the east went before them until it came and stood over where the Child was." It may be that, as Father Steinmetzer asserts, Jupiter was then westing, "so that the Magi could believe that he was hastening before them from Jerusalem to Bethlehem," but the apparent motion of the planet, which is much less rapid even than that of the moon, could hardly be detected in a short journey of twelve miles, and in no case could it be called "hastening." Still less possible is it that Jupiter, becoming stationary before his easterly movement, could be said "to stand over where the Child was." Jupiter's mean distance from the earth is a trifle beyond 390 million miles. "The star," Father Steinmetzer admits, "standing high in the midst of the firmament, would have seemed to stand over every house in Bethlehem." Yes, and at the same time over every house in Jerusalem and in Judea and in the whole Western Hemisphere. Our author says the Magi might have found the home of the Holy Family by making inquiries as they did at Jerusalem, and then inferred that the planet must have been meant to indicate it. But it is manifestly a safer and sounder opinion to take the text in its natural meaning, as indicating some luminous appearance in the lower atmosphere sufficiently bright perhaps to be seen by day and sufficiently close to mark out a particular dwelling. This hypothesis does not remove all difficulties, for the "star" which led from Jerusalem to Bethlehem was, we are told, the same that appeared "in the East," where presumably there was no need for its presence near the earth. However, the balance of the objections certainly seems to lie against the non-miraculous explanation.

**Dr. Clifford
and Portugal.**

Dr. John Clifford, of Westbourne Park Chapel, uttered in the course of 1911, many sayings which expressed his ideas of how things should be rather than objective facts. But never were his wishes more evidently parents to his thoughts than in his address on the last night of the old year. After saying that "a fair and just survey of the year strengthened his conviction that the soul of the world aspired and yearned for the highest and the best," he mentioned, amongst other illustrations of this "soul-yearning," that "Portugal, in spite of the plots and snares and stratagems of a tyrannical priesthood and a decadent Monarchism, continued faithful to its democratic ideal." He forgot to add a further confirmation of equal appropriateness and value, viz., that amongst the great burgling fraternity there has been no sign of wavering in the pursuit of their communistic ends. It is little, we suppose, to Dr. Clifford that the Portuguese Government is avowedly anti-Christian and atheistic; it is enough for him that it is primarily anti-Catholic. But perhaps the latest project set on foot by his Portuguese *protégés* in furtherance of their democratic ideal may raise some doubts in his Puritan soul. The Government proposes to legalize gambling! Says the *Times* of January 11th:

Luxurious casinos and saloons are to be established in the chief towns of Portugal and Madiera. The Municipalities of the respective towns will open tenders granting a gambling licence to the highest bidder. Part of the profits is to revert to the Municipality, which will devote the money to charity. Another part will revert to the State. Foreign capitalists will be invited to tender. Parliament and the Press are generally favourable to the project.

We have looked in vain for Dr. Clifford's denunciation of this new development from the pulpit of Westbourne Park Chapel. Perhaps the subject is too political to be mentioned in that sacred spot.

**Arbitration and
War.**

That the Pacificist Movement should meet with mistrust and hostility from educated Christians instead of encouragement and direction is due partly to the fringe of fanatics attached to it (as to every other great cause)—ill-balanced minds, for ever confounding use with abuse, and reason with sentiment, and cause with effect. But this opposition is traceable also to the influence, even upon Christian minds, of the prevalent evolutionary philosophy, which regards blind self-interest as the main principle of action and force as the measure of morality. War has come to be considered as a necessary condition of human progress, and not as a desperate remedy for a disease still more

desperate. War doubtless gives occasion for the development of fine qualities; thus, hardship calls for fortitude, danger for courage, misery for charity and compassion; but it also fosters all that is, literally, brutal—the ape and tiger strain—in the combatants, and causes immeasurable unhappiness to thousands beyond their ranks. Terrible, indeed, must the evils be for which the evil of war is a cure. Yet, just as the individual may be right in preferring physical death to moral dishonour, as the martyrs, for instance, gave up their lives for the sake of loyalty to God, so circumstances may justify a whole nation in similarly “witnessing,” at the cost of its material prosperity and even its existence, that there are higher things than material peace and prosperity. No one is called upon to deny that, but all are called upon to try to prevent the occurrence of those desperate circumstances. It is on this account that the Arbitration Movement is worthy of the Christian’s support. It is an attempt to make Right rather than Might rule international relations. Mr. H. Belloc thinks that “a nation which pledges itself to refer *all* disputes to the arbitrament of a foreigner, forfeits its independence.”¹ We cannot accept that view without considerable qualification. *If* the pledge is not purely voluntary, and *if* “all disputes” is meant to cover violent acts of aggression,² and *if* recourse is to be had to a single “foreigner,” and not to the representatives of all the World States, including itself, then the assertion may pass. But those qualifications make all the difference: no State can claim independence of the moral law; war itself is waged only as a means of asserting it; an appeal to arbitration instead of to war shows a more genuine desire for justice; it is the action of a man who takes the assailant of his reputation before the Courts, instead of resorting to the ineffective and barbarous expedient of the duel. The World Arbitration-Court would derive its authority from the consent of all its constituents, and find its sanction in their combined forces. Its decisions would not be infallible, there might be miscarriage of justice, but right would triumph more frequently, and at incomparably less cost, than it does by recourse to the “bloody arbitrament of war.”

**De Maistre and
Anglicanism.**

A lie which ministers to racial or religious prejudice is the longest-lived of a long-lived species, so much depends upon its preservation in health and vigour. The equivocal position of the English Church calls for a good deal of this fallacious

¹ *The Eye Witness*, Nov. 2, 1911, p. 630.

² Just as the individual may repel force by force if that is the only way of protecting his rights from unjust attack, so a *fortiori* may a sovereign State. But once the attack on its integrity is repulsed, then questions of compensation &c., may honourably be referred to arbitration.

support: fable, as Newman has so eloquently shown, is the basis of the Protestant view. So we are not surprised to find re-asserted lately a fable about de Maistre's testimony to Anglicanism, which was conclusively refuted in these pages nearly four years ago,¹ and, if only in justice to the memory of that great writer, we must repeat the refutation. The charge, this time, comes from two sources. Archdeacon T. Wirgman, of Cape Colony, in his recent very candid book, *Foreign Protestantism within the Church of England* (p. 11), says of that Church:

Count Le Maistre [*sic*] in an oft-quoted passage, considered that she was capable of being a central rallying-point for the re-union of Christendom, because she contained a Protestant as well as a Catholic element.

Again, a leader in the *Church Times*,² which was the original offender, puts the fable thus:

De Maistre eulogized the essentially central character of the Church of England, representing, in ideal at least, a purified Catholicism.

How far de Maistre was from eulogizing anything about Anglicanism—*la seule association du monde qui se soit déclarée nulle et ridicule dans l'acte même qui la constitue*—may be read in the brilliant and scathing pages which form the conclusion of that profoundly Catholic work, *Du Pape*. Only by those completely ignorant of the tone and purpose of his writings could a writer like de Maistre be supposed to say anything even remotely in favour of heresy. It is true that he invites the English Church to resume her old allegiance to Rome, *car le grand mouvement* [of re-union] *doit partir de chez eux* [*les Anglais*], but it is totally untrue that he thinks Anglicanism should be a "central rallying point," in which all dissident Churches, Rome included, should meet. Let our Anglican brethren consider what he actually did say of them (*italics ours*):

Pour arriver les premiers à la lumière parmi tous ceux qui l'ont abjurée, ils ont deux avantages inappréciables et dont ils se doutent peu; c'est que, par la plus heureuse des contradictions, leur système religieux se trouve à la fois, et le plus évidemment faux, et le plus évidemment près de la vérité.³

They may possibly not agree with what de Maistre says, but we trust that they will agree that he does not "eulogize" Anglicanism, ideal or actual, as representing a "purified Catholicism."

¹ "De Maistre and Anglicanism," THE MONTH, March, 1908, p. 307.

² Dec. 22, 1911.

³ *Du Pape*, Conclusion, Sect. iv.

**The Twenty
Greatest Men.**

It is characteristic of the general absence of definite Christian ideals in the modern mind that a discussion to decide the twenty greatest men in the world's history is instituted in the current *Review of Reviews*, without any preliminary statement as to what constitutes human greatness. Nor does any one of the twenty-odd contributors of lists give any clear idea of his particular standard. Mr. Carnegie, who opens the debate, thinks no one great who was not a discoverer or inventor, with the exception of Shakespeare and Burns! Mr. Frederic Harrison has little difficulty in showing up Mr. Carnegie's limitations, and then copies out a part of the Positivist calendar, beginning with Moses and ending with Comte. And various other celebrities similarly reveal their tastes and prejudices. In a few cases only do we find the Christian standard put forward as a test; St. Paul gets eight votes, St. John one, St. Peter none at all. Saints Benedict, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Bernard and Xavier, get one each. Bl. Thomas More and Bl. Joan of Arc are also mentioned, but only St. Paul finds a place on the final list, sharing that dubious honour with Martin Luther! It seems to be intellect rather than morals, talent rather than the use of it, that qualifies for inclusion in these lists. Only one or two competitors think of asking themselves what man has most nearly approached the ideal of human perfection set by God Incarnate; no one tries to estimate the relations his particular set of heroes bore to their Creator, or the likelihood of their having accomplished the end of their creation. The fact that men (like Bruno or Voltaire) bitterly opposed the religion established by God upon earth is felt by some of these symposiasts no bar to their canonization, so completely has the modern non-Catholic mind lost all sense of, or care for, God's point of view. The one compiler who shows some evidence of a spiritual outlook is Dr. F. B. Meyer, of the Free Church Council, and the wisest of those approached by Mr. Stead was Sir John Gorst, who declined his invitation to contribute, on the grounds that "history did not afford materials for forming an adequate judgment as to the comparative greatness of our fellow-creatures."

**Topsy-turvy
Morality.**

The above is a convenient illustration of the confusion of ethical standards introduced into the world by the revolt from the teaching Church. The same phenomenon is constantly to be observed all through our current literature. Lip-homage is generally paid to the Christian standard, but the underlying principles are utilitarian. The world, for instance, is very properly shocked if some saying is unearthed from a Catholic moralist,

which may be misinterpreted as implying the theory that evil means may be employed for a good end, but in its own estimates of its heroes it habitually condones practices embodying this theory. In a *Times* review¹ of a recent *Life of Cavour*, it is stated, in reference to that statesman's complicity in Garibaldi's² Sicilian expedition notwithstanding official disclaimers, that "Cavour was a past master of the art of maintaining a 'correct' attitude whilst engaged in very 'incorrect' activities." And this is in no way held to detract from his reputation. Again, we are told that—

if Cavour had been Minister of a powerful State instead of a weak one, we may be sure that he would have used gold and brawn rather than the 'subtlety' [*Anglicé*, treachery and lying] for which he himself, as naturally a man of honour, was fain to apologize on the plea, *sound as we believe*, of necessity [*italics ours*].

That is, according to this moralist, an honourable man may use dishonourable means, if they are necessary to gain his end.

This perversity of ethical judgment is, of course, more pronounced amongst those who are further from the outward restraints of civilization. In the latter part of 1911 a white jury made itself *particeps criminis* by acquitting the murderer of a black sheep-stealer at Mombasa, a violation of justice which actually found a defender in Sir Henry Seton-Kerr, who, in the *Times*,³ advanced the extraordinary plea that the morality of the action should be judged by local opinion, and the local opinion of Mombasa, even that of the blacks, was on the side of the murderer. We must add that the *Times* and other English papers condemned that immoral view, but the fact that a man of some position was not ashamed to advocate it publicly shows how speedily even educated opinion divorced from Christianity comes to agree with Kipling's dissolute soldier that East (and South) of Suez "there ain't no Ten Commandments."

Socialism in the
Open.

To assert that an event is certain to happen, despite all that is done to prevent it, is to go some way towards weakening opposition to it. People won't waste their energies in trying to avoid the inevitable. And so we think that a certain prominent Liverpool preacher, and strenuous worker for social reform, was ill-advised when he told his congregation on Sunday, December 17th,⁴

Catholics to-day must realize that Socialism is a danger

¹ *Times Literary Supplement*, December 14, 1911.

² Even Catholics are liable to be infected by this all-pervading spirit. In the current issue of the *Dublin*, for instance, attention is called in a review to "the nobility of Garibaldi's character"!

³ November 7, 1911.

⁴ *Catholic Times*, December 22, 1911.

that is coming and coming rapidly. In the lifetime of many of the men and women here to-day, England shall see the social revolution.

Probably the context supplied what seems to us a needful qualification of this dismal prophecy. If England loses all belief in dogmatic religion, no doubt there will be a social upheaval. If there is no after life to redress the balance of this, no irresistible Judge to assign rewards and penalties, then nothing governs the world but brute force, and chaos is come again. But a social upheaval will not result in Socialism. Socialism is a paper theory which would not stand the test of a day's practice, an idea which makes way only because it has never really been tested; it is the vague and specious unknown to which men turn from the undoubted horrors of the actual; it does not survive close acquaintance. The best remedy for it, after practical Christianity, is a knowledge of its real character and what it involves. This knowledge has not been easily secured hitherto, because of the discordant definitions and ambiguous pronouncements of leading Socialists, but now a society called the "Socialist Party of Great Britain," which declares itself to be the only genuine article, has definitely stated that Socialism stands for materialism, and that it aims at the elimination of all supernatural beliefs.¹ Their position is quite logical, but by this reversion to the crude philosophy of the atheist, they will alienate all except ignorant, unthinking, and unbalanced minds. If Socialism relies for success on the destruction of the religious instinct, its triumph will be very long deferred.

Undogmatic Christianity. "One can no more have religion without dogma," said Mgr. Benson lately, in a vivid phrase, "than a man without bones." Yet, presumably sane men of wide experience and observation are to be found calling for "undogmatic Christianity." Sir Harry Johnston, in a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, inspired by a longing for religious unity in the world, sees no chance for it except the preaching of "the most simple undogmatic form of Christianity—Christianity without the creeds that were unknown to Christ!" One marvels what men like this understand by dogma: one marvels still more whether they have ever read the New Testament, where, at least, the Existence and Fatherhood of God is dogmatically asserted; where we find, too, the dogma of the final judgment emphatically preached, as also the eternal reprobation of the wicked, a penalty attached by our Lord to the refusal of belief, *i.e.*, to the denial of dogmatic truths. The eminent explorer hardly seems to realize that dogma concerns con-

¹ See *A Manifesto of the Socialist Party, Socialism and Religion*, and similar pamphlets issued in 1911.

duct as well as thought, that doing right presupposes thinking right, and thinking right a rejection of thinking 'wrong, *i.e.* an acceptance of dogma. The Ten Commandments, which presumably he would retain in his "simple undogmatic form of Christianity," all imply the most rigid canons of belief, the grounds for them being found in God's supremacy and in the universal validity of the law of justice. At the back of Sir Harry Johnston's mind is probably the notion that dogmas are arbitrary forms of belief imposed by merely human authority; this, joined to the strange conception that certainty in religious matters is a bondage to thought, whereas in things scientific it is the parent of fruitful speculation, would account for the "dislike of dogmatic religion" which he constantly proclaims. But freethinkers, such as he is, are in reality sawing away the bough on which they are sitting: their undogmatic religion, like other invertebrate, inorganic things, is a shapeless mass, incapable of life or motion.

**The Reform of
the Breviary.**

The long-desired reform of the Roman Breviary, which has lately been begun by the Holy See, has been both necessitated and delayed by the influence of certain forces ever at work in an organization universal in time and space. It is not easy to keep the parts in due subordination to the whole, *i.e.* to employ the public prayer of the Church to honour God's saints without impairing the original idea of that prayer as being the Scriptures applied to the direct worship of God Himself. Nor is it easy so to legislate as to pay due regard to historic continuity whilst recognizing the demands of changed surroundings. The last great reform took place under St. Pius V. in 1568, but the liturgical abuses which were then removed more or less successfully have, in the course of three and a half centuries, again made themselves felt. It is characteristic of the present Holy Father's thoroughness that his reform is of such a nature as will entirely prevent the reappearance of these abuses. Meanwhile, it is interesting to find that the preface to the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. (1549) called attention to the disadvantages which the multiplication of Saints' feasts tends to produce as regards the original plan of the Divine Office, disadvantages which the Roman authorities had long had under consideration, but which were not remedied till the end of the Council of Trent. "Notwithstanding," says the Preface,

that the ancient Fathers had divided the Psalms into seven portions . . . now of late time [only] a few of them have been daily said (and oft repeated) and the rest utterly omitted. Moreover, the number and hardness of the rules called the Pie, and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn the book only was so hard and

intricate a matter, that many times there was more business to find out what should be read, than to read it when it was found out.

Until the reform is completed and new Breviaries issued embodying it, the latter difficulty must necessarily continue to harass the clergy: but the Psalter has been finally restored to its old place of honour without any substantial change in the Proper of Saints.

**The Bible for
the School.**

Sir Richard Burton, it is said, used to justify his unexpurgated rendering of the *Arabian Nights* by quoting the precedent of certain Old Testament stories, those records of terrible or loathsome crimes which illustrate at once the depths of human perversity and the high mercy of Almighty God. It was for this reason that God permitted their presence in the Book, but He also committed that Book to the guardianship of His Church. From that guardianship the Bible was torn by the reckless and criminal folly of the Reformers and placed in the hands of all indiscriminately, the young and the mature, the ignorant and the educated, with what deplorable consequences to youthful innocence can only be imagined. At last the Protestant conscience seems to be beginning to realize the wickedness of thus allowing the Book of Life to become an occasion of spiritual death, for it is announced that the Clarendon Press is about to publish a Bible "edited" for the use of schools. The unnatural and mistaken prominence given to the Scriptures in the Protestant religion has had this, amongst countless other ill-effects, that young Christians are trained in Jewish history as if they belonged to the Synagogue, and the imperfect morality, which our Lord came to "fulfil," is taken as if it was the finished product. The Divinity lesson, instead of inculcating Christianity by dwelling upon the life, character, and teaching of our Saviour, may and often does become a barren disquisition on the polity of the Israelites. And it is thought wrong to withhold any portion of the "one Rule of Faith" from undeveloped school-children. The united wisdom of the Public Schools Head Masters, at their annual meeting last December, could not agree, in spite of what they know about its abuse, on the advisability of preserving their charges from the risk of moral contamination, all the more subtle and dangerous because conveyed under colour of a religious exercise. But it may be hoped that individual Head-Masters may see the advisability, by the use of some such means as that provided by the Clarendon Press, of preventing the shocking abuse of the Holy Book to which from the very nature of the case it is exposed in non-Catholic schools.

**Demoralizing
Literature.**

Meanwhile, we are glad to see that the movement to check the corruption of literature and the drama, which has given birth to the "National Council of Public Morals," is continuing to show activity, for it is not only the young that need protection against unprincipled authors and publishers, ever seeking to exploit the baser passions for the sake of gain. The Home Secretary, at the instance of the above-mentioned Council, has prepared a Bill to strengthen the law against immoral literature; and, of course, the project has provoked the usual letter from Mr. Edmund Gosse in the name of "literature and liberty." That was to be expected, but it is more surprising to see in an otherwise reputable paper¹ the plea advanced that indecency is somehow or other less indecent if presented humorously. This is judging a question of morality without taking account of the source of morality—the all-Holy God. Any treatment of sin which makes it appear less sinful, whether it be conceived in a spirit of morbidness or a spirit of jocularity, deserves nothing but condemnation. In fact, the jocular treatment is the worse of the two, as tending to make people think lightly of evil. The effects of an indecent musical comedy may easily be more far-reaching and deadly than the most solemn of Ibsenities. Sin is no laughing matter, especially those sins which St. Paul would have us not even name, much less make a jest of. It is the fashion to deride Christian sentiment in this matter as Puritanism, the attitude of a gloomy fanatic, but Macaulay was no Puritan, and he has thus characterized the literature in which "sex is treated humorously." He says in regard to the Restoration plays,

This part of our literature is a disgrace to our language and our national character. It is clever, indeed, and very entertaining, but it is in the most emphatic sense of the words "earthly, sensual, and devilish."

This should be the judgment of every decent person who believes it is possible to be interesting and amusing, whether in books or on the stage, without violating God's law by pandering to the desires of the *animalis homo*.

¹ *The Eye Witness*, December 29, 1911, p. 38.

Reviews.

I.—THE EVE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.¹

RATHER than delay the appearance of these two volumes until the third, which will round off the history of his chosen period, is finished, Mgr. Ward has issued them as completed, to the great satisfaction of all who have learnt to appreciate from his *Dawn of the Catholic Revival*, his remarkable diligence, thoroughness, and general impartiality. This portion of the work brings us from 1803, where the previous book left off, to 1820, a period full of a poignant interest for Catholics of to-day. It is generally considered one of the plainest marks of the divinity of the Church that she survives, not only the hostility of the world, but also the faults and dissensions of her own children, and what is true of the Church at large, appears to hold also for local churches. Nothing is more extraordinary than the persistence of intestine quarrels in the Catholic Church in England all during penal times, when the active attacks of the "gates of hell" should have recommended the closest unity of action. Even when Elizabeth's knife and gallows were busily at work extirpating Catholicism in England, we know that the persecuted confessors of the faith were in a sense persecuting each other. Mgr. Ward's previous book has told us how vigorous faction was whilst the weight of the penal laws first began to be lifted from the shoulders of English Catholics, one main cause being the Gallicanism which infected some sections both of clergy and laity. This spirit is still at work in the period described in the later volumes; in fact, the whole root of these perpetual conflicts lay in the confused notions that prevailed regarding the proper relations between Church and State. That was the only question of principle really at issue, everything else referred to policy: there was

¹ Being the History of the English Catholics during the first thirty years of the Nineteenth Century. Vols. I. and II. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward. London: Longmans, Green and Co. Pp. xii, 277, 363. Price 21s. net. 1911.

never amongst English Catholics any dispute about dogma, although a small anti-Papal schism broke out amongst the French clergy in England on the Pope's re-organizing the hierarchy of France. Still it is sad enough to read of these contentions maintained between men of high character and great ability, at a time when their united forces could have done so much for the Church in this land. Not only sad but sometimes even shocking. In the present day when the infallibility of the Pope has been proclaimed and the unity amongst Catholics has become so complete and universal, we can hardly imagine a condition of affairs when Bishop opposed Bishop in the public prints and pastorals, and there was a constant rain of embittered pamphlets on the opposing sides. Yet Mgr. Ward's pages can be read with intelligence only by keeping in mind the habits and traditions of those days. Belief in the Church and zeal for her interests animated all parties, but there was a deep divergence of opinion as to the best and soundest methods of advancing her cause, and an unwonted freedom of language in upholding personal views. There was the difficulty too of communicating with the seat of authority at Rome. The French Revolutionary wars, the imprisonment of the Pope and the disorganized state of the Curia made the government of the Church in England dilatory and uncertain: occasionally, indeed, intercourse ceased altogether, at a time when it should have been especially prompt and efficacious. Perhaps Mgr. Ward might have given this fact greater and more frequent prominence, for it is generally overlooked and yet it explains much.

It is not our purpose here to give an exhaustive review of these notable volumes. When the third is published a few months hence, there will be occasion for a full discussion of the whole period. But we must call attention to the tact and discrimination with which the author has so far performed his task. As he rightly says, the question of Emancipation was primarily an Irish one, and in his opening chapter he is careful to put the matter in its proper setting by describing the state of Catholicism in the sister island, and the difference in tone and feeling in a nation, headed by its hierarchy and clergy, insisting on its rights, and a small fraction of a Protestant population asking for a mitigation of its heavy disabilities. Mgr. Ward's touching dedication of his work "To our Brethren of Catholic Ireland, whose

Faith," &c., is a graceful recognition (which has not always been accorded in the past) of the service rendered to the Church in England by the vigour of the Faith across the Channel. He draws out with considerable skill the necessary difference in point of view between the English and Irish Catholics, which was the source of a good deal of friction, and does not disguise the fact that the Irish policy proved to be the right one. Still he makes no attempt to write the history of Emancipation from the Irish standpoint, as his main concern is with the Church in this country. The gallery of portraits of the Vicars Apostolic, begun in his previous work, is continued in this, the most notable being the figures of Dr. Milner and Dr. Poynter. It is possible at this distance of time both to appreciate the high qualities and to recognize the defects of these eminent men, and Mgr. Ward, it will be generally owned, does full justice to both.

It may be asked to what purpose are the details of these old unhappy far-off things, which have passed altogether from popular memory, now exhumed from various archives and set forth before the present generation. The answer is that the narrative is full of instruction for ourselves. The universal recognition now amongst Catholics of the untenableness of Jansenism, Gallicanism, Josephism, is due to the thorough manner in which those heresies were exposed in the fierce debates preceding Emancipation. And it is well that we who have entered into the labours of our forefathers should realize how anxious and strenuous these labours were. Above all, the story should help to create a better understanding between Catholics of different races in these islands, and to fulfil the hope expressed by Mgr. Ward in his dedication, "that the story of our common fight for religious freedom may prove to us a fresh bond of union, ensuring in the future that cordial co-operation, a pledge of which we discern in the past."

2.—THE CREDIBILITY OF THE GOSPEL.¹

The Credibility of the Gospel is the title given by Father George Pollen, S. J., to his English translation of Mgr. Batiffol's *Orpheus et l'Évangile*. It is in fact the better title of the two, for though *Orpheus* gave occasion for the Versailles lec-

¹ By Mgr. Pierre Batiffol. Translated by the Rev. G. C. H. Pollen, S. J. London: Longmans. Pp. xx. 220. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1912.

tures which in *Orpheus et l'Evangile* take book form, Mgr. Batiffol aimed at something higher than a refutation of M. Reinach's unscientific manual, and discussed, in a style suited to the class of educated readers who are not specialists, the various points of evidence which establish so conclusively the historical character of the Christian origins. We reviewed *Orpheus et l'Evangile* in THE MONTH for September, 1910, but by way of introduction to the present translation we may just repeat that it treats of the silence of Josephus about our Lord, the references to Him and the religion He founded in the writings of the Rabbis and the well-known passages of Pliny, Suetonius, and Tacitus, the Catholic Canon and its guarantees, St. Paul's affirmations about our Lord's person and deeds, the Authorship of the Acts, the Formation of the Gospels, the Authenticity of our Lord's Discourses, and a general chapter on the Historic Certainty of the Gospel Story. As the vigorous anti-religious campaign, recently commenced in Germany, contests the very existence of Jesus Christ, that is, of the existence of any definite person who in any degree realized in his life the character ascribed by Christianity to its Founder, and as the echoes of this controversy are already clamant in this country, it will be felt that a translation of Mgr. Batiffol's book has come to us just at the right time, for the ground this German controversy travels over is almost identical with that which Mgr. Batiffol, though with no direct view to it, chose for himself.

The translation is creditably done, which is not always the case with translations of even some of the best books that have attracted attention in their own country. Its renderings may be trusted, and its style is good. The following passage may give an idea of its quality:

Whence did Paul obtain his historic knowledge of Christ? We may reply, in the first place, that St. Paul learned to know about Christ, not from one or other of our Synoptical Gospels—not even from St. Luke—but from one of those previous essays to which St. Luke alludes in his prologue. We cannot imagine that the Christian religion could have been preached without some written memorandum of the teaching of Christ; some writing analogous to the one which is supposed to have served as a common basis to Matthew and Luke. I say analogous, for the two examples we have quoted above from the "Gospel" of Paul, the story of the Last Supper and the account of the Resurrection, do not coincide in detail with the tradition established in Luke

and Matthew, nor with that of Mark. So prudent a critic as Sanday considers that the written source referred to by Paul must have been distinct from those on which our Evangelists base the account they have adopted. In default of a written account, or more probably in addition to a written account, Paul could not have been ignorant of what the "disciples" of Christ taught about Him We must also not forget that the Jesus to whom Paul was converted, was the same Jesus whom he had persecuted in His disciples Did Paul know nothing of this Church of God which he laid waste and persecuted with unmeasured passion, and with a Pharisaic violence more intolerant and jealous than the most extreme and youthful of the Pharisees? We can therefore argue: if Paul approved of the murder [of Stephen], it is because he knew the charge and had been present at the trial of Stephen before the Sanhedrin, and heard the questions put to him by the High Priest, and his answer.

We have selected as a specimen of this translation this particular passage, because it bears upon an important topic. Much used to be made, and by Drews and his party is still made, of the supposed ignorance of St. Paul concerning the details of our Lord's life, which is gathered from his complete silence (save as to His Death, Resurrection, Last Supper, and another point or two), about these details; had he known of them, it is contended, he must have made frequent allusion to them, his silence then must mean that they are unhistorical. In the section from which the above quotation is taken, Mgr. Batiffol argues with convincing force against this theory that for St. Paul our Lord was hardly an historical character, and was substantially the creation of his religious imagination; and in the following chapter he vindicates with equal force the Lukan authorship of the Acts of the Apostles. Now Harnack, driven back step by step, has at last been constrained to acknowledge what orthodox writers have always maintained, that the composition of the Acts was finished at the same time as the narrative itself which forms its subject finishes, and no one doubts that the Third Gospel was written by the writer of the Acts, and at some previous time. We have then that Luke, who certainly knew about the details of our Lord's life that are in his Gospel, was the close companion of St. Paul in his journeyings, and during his imprisonment at Rome, St. Paul then must have known what the companion at his side was writing down; and this excludes altogether the theory that his silence about these facts meant ignorance of them. True, it may be said that the earlier Epistles of St.

Paul were written before St. Luke had collected his materials, but at least this hypothesis will not apply to the Epistles of the captivity. We call attention to this point because Mgr. Batiffol seems to have overlooked it.

3.—THE COMPLETION OF THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.¹

One feels inclined to say of a good Index what the Book of Proverbs says of the valiant woman: *Procul et de ultimis finibus pretium eius*: "Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of it." And naturally the more voluminous the work, the more necessary in these time-saving days is some subsidiary apparatus to make it accessible. As in the case of most of their other publications, the Cambridge University Press have not shirked the responsibilities which belong to a publisher's office and function. If the index volume of *The Cambridge Modern History* is not ideal, that is not in any way the fault of the Syndics. There has apparently been no stinting of space, or restriction as to treatment. Still we must not disguise our impression, formed necessarily from a somewhat hasty inspection, that the Index volume before us does somewhat fall short of the ideal. It is only the practical experience of months of continuous use that can properly test a piece of work of this kind, but apart from the question of accuracy of execution, it seems to us that in the present instance the general scheme is not so comprehensive as it might be, and ought to be. As a register of the people, places, significant names and titles occurring in the twelve volumes, the Index is fairly complete. But that is the easiest part of Index making; the difficulty always lies in the selection of subject headings, and here, while admitting that some features are good, we see no particular reason for congratulating the compilers on their work as a whole. For example, we can imagine that the owner of a general history of this sort, might very easily want to know something about the spread of the Witch mania, or the humanitarian developments of the last two centuries, as manifested in the multiplication of Hospitals, the abolition of barbarous Punishments, the reform of Gaol administration, &c. Or again, he might be

¹ The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. xiii. Tables and General Index. Cambridge University Press. Pp. 644. Price, 16s. net. 1911.

interested in the cause of Temperance, or of Missions to the heathen, or of Divorce and the Marriage laws, or of Woman's suffrage, or of Transportation. We venture to think that in all these matters the Index would be of little help to him (the words we have spelt with capital letters are none of them included), although there are classified entries under such headings as Trade, Socialism, Slavery, Schools, Universities, &c. But the selection strikes us as arbitrary.

In the same volume are further contained more than one hundred and fifty different tables, mostly genealogical, but also including many lists of occupants of important offices, *exempli gratia* of the sees of Canterbury, York, Paris, &c. This is certainly an excellent feature. We even find a list of "Generals of the Order of Jesus," though it rather puzzles us by the inconsistency displayed in the selection of their Christian names, for example, we have "Jacobus" Laynez (a Spaniard), "Claude" Aquaviva, and "Ignatius" Visconti (both Italians), "Francis" Piccolomini, "Jean" Roothaan, "Pierre-Jean" Beckx, "Antoine" Anderledy, "Luis" Martin (in this case correctly enough), while the present General, contrary to the analogy of the other lists, is ignored altogether. But this, of course, is a point of little importance, while the value of the volume as a whole to those who possess its predecessors, need not be further insisted on.

4—REFLECTIONS OF TENNYSON.¹

Lord Tennyson has collected together a number of reminiscences of his father's character as revealed in his intercourse with various friends or, more indirectly, in the choice and character of those friends themselves. It is a book of very varied interest, to which more than two dozen people have contributed, and much of which has appeared in print before, as, for instance, the various poems on his friends written by Tennyson himself. Anything that helps us to understand a great man is welcome; character is expressed in the habits of daily life and in informal conversations as well as in more deliberate and public utterances, and here we have many side-lights on Tennyson's character, reflected from, or seen through the minds of those with whom he was more or less

¹ Tennyson and his Friends. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. London: Macmillan and Co. Pp. xiii, 503. Price. 10s. net. 1911.

intimately acquainted. We may have more to say on the wider aspects of that character on another occasion; for the present, the item of most interest to us is the poet's attitude towards religion. It is touched on by many hands in this collection of memories, as being, of course, the most important side of any man's character, and an Anglican Bishop has a special paper headed "Tennyson, and his talk on some Religious Questions." Every piece of evidence goes to show that, whilst the poet had a deeply religious mind and a thoroughly sound moral sense, he rejected quite frankly the whole Christian revelation as a system of belief binding upon conscience. To say nothing of the Church, to which, as so many do, he ascribed all the misdeeds of her human constituents, the New Testament itself conveyed no final message to him, and he went on debating and puzzling over questions which God Himself came on earth to solve. The Bishop of Ripon quotes with a certain scorn the comment made by some critic on the scepticism of *In Memoriam*,—"May we remind Mr. Tennyson that the darkness is past, and that the true light now shineth?" The Bishop qualifies this assertion as "superb *naïveté*," but can he himself deny that St. John had made it long ago, adding, indeed, to his proclamation of the advent of the true light that "the darkness did not comprehend it"? Tennyson was born into that darkness, had never, as far as we know, any real chance of emerging from it, dwelt in it with pain and unhappiness, clinging faithfully to his vague impressions of duty and personal immortality, but not getting much beyond. He was shut out from all the soul-satisfying heritage of revelation owing to his want of faith, indeed, to his want of knowledge of what faith is—an ignorance which it would seem the Bishop shares. The latter speaks of the poet deriving "faith" from the witness of Nature and Man, meaning the knowledge of God obtainable through natural reason, but of belief resting on divine authority, neither poet nor prelate shows any real conception. Without the conception of a living, teaching Church, there is no logical method of arriving at the virtue of faith.

Apart from religion, the most interesting section of the book in many ways is that devoted to Tennyson's two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, who both had considerable poetic gifts, but failed to cultivate them as successfully as Alfred. With Frederick it seems to have been defect of temperament; with Charles, uncongenial circumstances.

Both in their respective careers were remarkable men, Frederick especially, of whom we are told: "Rome he regarded with an excessive hatred," having no doubt early imbibed that false historic conception of the Church that blinds so many to her true nature. Charles was a quieter, more spiritual, and unselfish nature, who led a blameless and edifying life as an Anglican parson.

A book like this, which contains so many different points of view and such a mass of interesting facts about a great man, should not have been left without an Index. It is emphatically a book for reference, as it collects together much scattered information from other sources, and provides a store of new details.

5—THE WORKS OF MERCY.¹

We know on the very highest authority that we shall all have to pass an exceedingly stiff examination at the Judgment regarding the way in which we have practised the corporal (and, *a fortiori*, the spiritual) Works of Mercy. The consequences of failure in this examination are so awful that the means of securing a pass, with or without honours, should be the immediate, constant, and permanent preoccupation of all believers. No date has been fixed for the ordeal, no definite time for preparation allotted. "Candidates must hold themselves in readiness to appear when called for." Now, here comes the Catholic Truth Society, using both its own efforts and the co-operation of the Catholic Social Guild, to put within the reach of candidates a ready and inexpensive means of making themselves secure in this most important matter. Success in an examination demands both knowledge of the subject set and guidance in the art of acquiring information about it. Both are supplied in ample measure in the little volumes before us. In the *Handbook* one finds the very quintessence of Christianity, a stimulating display under many varieties of form of that spirit which the believer must acquire under pain of forfeiture of his chances of eternal bliss. Here the reader will discover how the leaven of Christ's love works in the corrupt mass of the world, alleviating distress, preserving innocence, making reparation for evil, and the record

¹ *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social works.* London: Catholic Truth Society. Fourth Edition thoroughly revised. Price, 1s. net. 1912.
The Catholic Social Year-Book for 1912. Edited by the Catholic Social Guild. London: Catholic Truth Society. Price, 6d. net. cloth 1s.

will surely suggest a more or less active participation in this God-like work. And then in the *Year-Book* will be found details of the various ways in which this share may be acquired, a consoling account of good deeds accomplished, many suggestions as to how good deeds may be multiplied, the objects and methods of different organizations, suitable to a great variety of powers and opportunities. The price of both these books puts them within reach of the slenderest purse, the treasures they contain or give access to cannot be purchased by all the gold in the world. They should be in every Catholic's library; they should colour every Catholic's outlook; they should influence every Catholic's conduct.

6.—THE CAROLINGIAN MASS AND ITS BEGINNINGS.¹

This work, the scope of which is sufficiently defined by its title, "The Introduction of the Roman Mass into France under the Carolingians," forms a distinctly valuable contribution to liturgical study, although the author's outlook is not a broad one, and although his acquaintance with the bibliography of his subject is defective. Beyond an occasional mention of Probst and of Herr Drews' article on the Mass in the Protestant *Realencyclopädie*, M. l'Abbé Netzer seems to have no acquaintance with any but French authorities. Dom Suitbert Bäumer's valuable paper on the Gelasianum in the *Historisches Jahrbuch*, Ebner's *Iter Italicum*, the essays of Mr. Edmund Bishop, and all the publications of the Henry Bradshaw Society seem to be unknown to him. None the less the work embodies a considerable amount of original research and it makes us acquainted with much interesting unprinted matter in some, but unfortunately not all (why, for example, has M. Netzer ignored the Sacramentary of Gellone?), of the early French Sacramentaries. The book has the merit of conciseness and clearness, and its arrangement is easy to follow. In the first chapter we have an account of the Gallican Mass in the fifth century, founded principally, of course, on the description of St. Germanus of Paris. Chapters II. and III. describe the gradual acceptance of Rome as the standard best authorized

¹ L'Introduction de la Messe romaine en France sous les Carolingiens. Par l'Abbé H. Netzer, avec Preface par A. Clerval. Paris: Picard. Pp. v., 336. Price, 7.50 fr. 1911.

to determine points of ceremonial, and go on to narrate the eventual abolition of the Gallican liturgy as a whole. Then follows a discussion of such writers as Amalarius, Rhabanus Maurus, Walafriid Strabo, Florus, and others, and also an account of some of the most valuable of the less known Sacramentaries of the ninth and tenth centuries, particularly those of Angoulême, Saint-Amand, and Saint-Vast. Two other chapters on the manuscripts of the Gregorian Sacramentary and its supplement, complete the author's review of his materials and lead up to the central feature of the work, viz., the description of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as it was offered in France in the ninth and tenth centuries. This section, contained in Chapter IX. will be the portion of the work most generally consulted by those who are not specialists, and it may be regarded as embodying the author's conclusions and results. In an Appendix are printed a number of extracts from various liturgical sources, more particularly from the Sacramentary of Saint-Vast and that of Saint-Amand. The book in this way provides a great deal of valuable material for the liturgist, but we fear that it is not in any way exhaustive. In particular we regret that M. Netzer seems to have made no attempt to utilize the information deducible from certain Carolingian ivories and other graphic monuments, most of which may be found conveniently reproduced in Robault de Fleury's *La Messe*.

Short Notices.

DEATH has reaped his usual harvest amongst those who figured in the *Catholic Who's Who for 1911*, the compilers with more discrimination have weeded out some names which had become notoriously unfit to be included amongst the faithful, they have also judiciously compressed many of the notices, yet the *Catholic Who's Who for 1912* (Burns and Oates : 3s. 6d. net), contains twenty more pages than last year's, which proves that this most useful production, now comprising about 4,000 biographies, a list of important Births, Marriages, and Deaths, and other statistical information, is becoming annually more worthy of Catholic support. A selection of portraits of Catholic celebrities adds to its attractions.

It is almost superfluous to recommend the *Catholic Directory for 1912* (Burns and Oates : 1s. 6d. net) to the notice of our readers, as it will no doubt be already in their possession. But we may recommend them to

make it known to others who are not aware of the treasures of useful information of all kinds—"things that every Catholic should know"—which are contained in its constantly growing pages. Of course, the recent ecclesiastical changes are set forth in all their details, and the handy mission-map altered accordingly. To two points only we venture to think sufficient prominence is not given, *sc.*, the position of the Temperance movement amongst Catholics and the present state (with statistics) of the Education question as it affects our body.

A vision of **The Englishwoman's Year Book for 1912** (Black: 2s. 6d. net.) would have caused our grandmothers at least one fainting-fit. Woman has left the drawing-room, the boudoir and, to some extent, alas! the nursery: she is now aiming at the same economic opportunity as man. How far she has gone and all the phases of her modern activities are found recorded here. The Catholic section is fuller than it was last year: still the compilers have something to learn, especially about the work of our nuns, which would make this summary more complete.

Mr. W. Moir Bryce, whose great work on the Scottish Grey Friars, was cordially welcomed in these pages just over two years ago as a monument of fair and sympathetic dealing, has, in the **Black Friars of Edinburgh** (Constable, Edinburgh), done the same sort of service to the Dominicans, though not on so large a scale. After a comprehensive account of the general rise of the great Order, its introduction into England (1221), and Scotland (1230), is detailed, and particularly the fortunes of Edinburgh House founded in the latter year. A great deal of interesting information about the customs of the time, lay and ecclesiastical, has been collected by the author, who shows great familiarity with contemporary records and remarkable accuracy in treating of Church matters. We might question, perhaps, the implication (p. 29), that Dominicans who were made Bishops arrived at that dignity by personal intrigue prompted by ambition or by desire to escape the hardship and monotony of conventual observance, and the statement that "his [St. Thomas'] writings are largely read at the present day" has all the effect of a *meiosis*, but such indications of an "outside" view are few and far between. We are glad to recognize that through the labours of such men as Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Bryce, the "Knox legend," surely the most monstrous ever begotten by religious rancour and credulity, is going the way of the "Luther Legend," and that the true character of that violent and unscrupulous demagogue is being realized even by those most reluctant to do so. This monograph is one for which all Catholics will be grateful to Mr. Bryce.

To those who love the liturgical services of the Church, a love more common in days when there were less means of indulging it, the **Annus Liturgicus** of Father Michael Gatterer, S.J., (Pustet: Innsbruck, 2. 90 m.) will come as a great boon, but particularly to the clergy. The book for its size is singularly complete. After an Introduction treating of liturgical principles, the history of the liturgy, its legislators and the force of their laws, and liturgical books, the author goes through the entire calendar, systematically, noting all variations and their reasons, and applying principles as he proceeds. It is thoroughly up-to-date, containing even the recent law altering the feasts of obligation.

A library edition of Mgr. R. H. Benson's sacred drama, **The Maid of Orleans** (Longmans, 3s. net.), with illustrations by Gabriel Pippet, has come to supplement the acting edition at sixpence, which was published this time

last year. It is a sad story, if beautifully told, and makes one marvel at what things were once done, without reproof because without understanding, in the name of religion.

Catholic readers will be interested in *A Circuit Rider's Wife* (Constable : 6s.), by Corra Harris, a story which has all the air of an autobiography, concerning the experiences of a Methodist itinerant preacher in Georgia, U.S.A. It is told with much quiet humour of expression and not a little sadness of thought, for it represents the difficulties and delusions of an individualistic system of religion which has only the silent and ineffective witness of the Book as a guide. One understands the better for reading this volume the provident mercy of God in instituting a visible infallible Church.

A Kempis tells us that if we get rid of one vice per year we shall soon become perfect. Mr. Frederick J. Cross, in *A Little Book of Effort* (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. : 1s. net.), has provided on paper a scheme by which we may aim at acquiring one virtue and getting rid of one vice a week. His plan is to collect the Scripture references to particular good qualities and portion them out amongst the days of the week, so that every day we may find therein two motives for virtuous action. The plan would seem to lend itself to some dissipation of energy, but the self-examination involved could not fail to be fruitful.

Those who appreciate, as all workers for Catholic truth must, the great value of the new and entirely recast edition of the *Dictionnaire Apologetique de la Foi Catholique*, which is being produced under the editorship of Père A. d'Alès, of the Institut Catholique, will be rejoiced to find in the seventh fascicule just issued (Beauchesne : 5.00 fr.), the concluding portion of the first volume, so that this portion of the work may now be bound. The beginning of the second volume, with which this fascicule is mainly occupied, contains several articles of great interest such as *Fin justifie les moyens ?* wherein Sir Edward Fry might find some salutary reading, *Foi et Fidélisme* (77 columns), by Père J. V. Bainvel, *Franç-Maçonnerie* (70 columns), a very full and valuable account, giving prominence to the action of the Church in regard to this secret society, *Frères du Seigneur* (32 columns), by Père A. Durand, S.J., wherein is refuted the abominable heresy in regard to our Lady which disfigures the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an exhaustive account (42 columns) of the Galileo controversy, *Gallicanisme* (156 columns—a complete historical survey), *Genèse* (40 columns), and the beginning of *Gouvernement ecclésiastique*. We trust that this most useful work will be pushed on without unnecessary delay, as its quality puts it in the first rank of Catholic apologetics.

To a French series of Manuals, *Les grands Écrivains Étrangers*, M. Firmin Roz contributes an appreciation of *Tennyson* (Bloud : 2.50 fr.) which gives a fair, if somewhat too eulogistic account of the poet and his work. It is strange how much of the distinction of his verse disappears when translated into French prose.

Another poet, described in the same series by Professor E. Hauman, is little more than a name to English readers, for *Pouchkine* (Bloud : 2.50 fr.), was a Russian who lived his short life in the early part of last century, and wrote only in his native tongue. What we learn of his stormy and lawless career, cut short by a fatal duel in 1839, recalls that of Byron, whose writings are said to have influenced his own.

Scattered essays of the Academician, Emile Gebhart, on various literary

topics have been published under the title *De Panurge à Sancho Pança* (Bloud : 3.50 fr.). Gebhart was an anti-clerical and, though the editors imply that they have omitted in their selection what he himself in his maturer judgment would have rejected, there is enough free-thinking flavour about some of these essays to make them distasteful to believers.

Another batch of the admirable *Science et Religion* Series, issued by MM. Bloud and Co., Paris, brings the total up to 630. The collection forms a library of wonderful utility, for the range is extraordinarily wide and the writers are generally experts. In the sixteen little volumes, some of them double numbers, under review, this variety is well exhibited. Under *Philosophes et Penseurs* we have **Guyau**, a Frenchman (who died in 1887), by Paul Archambault, **Berkeley**, an Irishman (who died in 1753), by Jean Didier, the more orthodox **Malebranche** (who belonged to the previous generation), by J. Martin, **Pierre Leroux**, a modern Saint-Simonian, by J. E. Fidaou-Justiniani, **Léon Ollé-Laprune**, a sound Catholic (who died in 1898), by George Fonsegrive, and finally **Condillac**, another heterodox philosopher, by Jean Didier. Amongst *Biographies* we find that of **Jacques Cathelineau**, the famous peasant-leader in the war of "La Vendée," but **La Paix dans la Vérité**, which is a study of the spirit of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Père Bernard Allo, O.P., is ranged under *Questions Philosophiques*, wherein the same holy Doctor appears again, in **Préscience Divine et Liberté humaine**, by the Abbé Cristiani. In this luminous little work, on a question of immense difficulty, the author takes the Molinist side, as *plus satisfaisante et plus logique sans contredit que sa rivale*. Amongst *Chefs-d'œuvre de la Littérature Religieuse* are included extracts from Abbé Fleury's **Les Mœurs des Israelites**, edited by Albert Chérel; the **Octavius** (translated) of Minucius Felix, the first Latin writer in defence of the Church, and certain **Sermons Inédits** of Mascaron, a contemporary and rival of Bourdaloue, edited by Dr. E. Griselle. **L'Ouvrière**, by Mlle. Jules Simon, represents *Questions de Sociologie*; **Le Mouvement Démocratique et les Catholiques Français de 1830 à 1880**, by Jules Gay, is classed under *Questions Historiques*; whilst lastly under *Questions Scientifiques* are ranged **Bible et Science**, by Ch. de Kirwan, a study of the Creation narrative; and **Hystérie et Sainteté**, by Docteur H. Lavrand, a valuable scientific discussion of the various phenomena of nervous debility which shows their radical dissimilarity, in spite of certain surface resemblances, to the abnormal manifestations of God's action on the soul. Each of these volumes costs 60 centimes.

The second volume of the French translation by the Abbé J. Paquier—**Luther et le Lutheranisme** (Picard : 3.50 fr.)—of Père Denifle's great work on the Father of the Reformation has recently appeared, forming half the whole enterprise. This French version is more than a translation; there is little doubt that the picture drawn by the learned Dominican, although substantially correct, was in parts shaded too deep, and Père Paquier, aiding himself by Père H. Grisar's later and more sober study, has pointed out in foot-notes where the text seems to go further than the evidence. Thus this translation is in that sense an improvement on the original. Of course, Luther remains as Denifle left him, a shattered idol, and the heavy guns of the theologian have made an utter ruin of the whole arbitrary and incoherent system which the strong personality of the unhappy apostate was able for some time to impose upon his countrymen.

In the "Battle of the Books" which the infidel Government has occasioned in French schools by the introduction of its so-called neutral manuals,

the short *Histoire de France* (Bloud: 1.60 fr.) which Mgr. A. Baudrillart has composed should do signal service to the cause of truth. It is not literature, but a simple school-book with its information arranged in "tabloids" for easy assimilation, and abundance of maps and pictures to assist the mind. Thus there is no room for the recital of more than the most salient points in the vast welter of human actions which make up the history of France, as of every other land, and in most cases, particularly when dealing with modern times, the author lets them pass without much comment.

The use of thin and rather transparent paper and small print has enabled the Abbé J. Verdunoy to bring out a French missal—*Petit Année Liturgique* (Lethielleux, 4.00 fr.)—of nearly 1,600 pages in a comparatively small compass. The text is given in Latin and French throughout, and in addition the character of various feasts is described, the meaning of the Epistles explained when necessary, and a good many extra-liturgical devotions introduced here and there.

Les Neveux de Tante Delphine (Lethielleux: 2.50 fr.), by A. de Pitteurs, is a simple story of the country adventures of some Belgian children told with not a little humour and skill in characterization.

Yet another addition to the number of historical novels centring about the penal days of Elizabeth. Miss Felicia Curtis, in *Under the Rose* (Sands: 6s.), has handled the well-worn material with considerable skill, and produced an entertaining romance. Two slighter tales by two well-known American writers—*The Queen's Promise* (Benziger: 2s.) by M. T. Waggaman, and *The Peril of Dionysio*, by Mary Mannix (Benziger: 2s. 6d. net),—deal in a lively fashion with incidents peculiar to the States and passions which are universal.

A certain volume of *Sermons for Sundays and Festivals* (Wagner: \$1.50), by the Rev. Thomas White, surprised us by its archaic flavour and highly Johnsonian diction until we noticed that they had been selected and arranged by the Rev. John Lingard and first published in 1828. A note to that effect, with perhaps a sketch of the author's career, would have added to the interest of the volume, which though re-edited in 1841, has long been out of print. These sermons, as indicating the sound, if rather formal, spirituality of those days, cannot claim to be brief and popular, but they may be read with interest, and a brief synopsis of each makes them useful to the preacher.

The recent and effective return of the veteran Comte Albert de Mun to active political life gives an added interest to his collected records of bygone conflicts, *Combats d'hier et d'aujourd'hui* (Lethielleux: 4.00 fr.), the third series of which has lately reached us. This contains his writings and utterances during the year 1908, effectively grouped under the headings,—*Pour Dieu, Pour la France, Pour le Peuple*. The Comte is not always speaking as an orator. Many of these papers are reflective, descriptive, critical—but in all one perceives a combination of high principle and clear thinking which makes them admirable reading.

M. A. Vanderpol, President of *La Ligue des Catholiques Français pour la Paix* has followed up his scholarly dissertation on the "Right of War according to the teaching of the great theologians and canonists of the Middle Ages," by a further volume, *La Guerre devant le Christianisme* (Tralin: 2.50 fr.), in which he discusses the whole question in all its bearings, briefly yet with such grasp of detail and such appreciation of the arguments of those opposed to his view, that his little treatise is a veritable

Summa de Jure Belli. Whilst deprecating any attempt to decide what precisely is the "doctrine of the Church" on the subject and confining himself to the objective statement of facts, he shows that after the scholastic period modifications were introduced into the definition of a "just cause" which showed that some theologians at any rate, had lost sight of the Scriptural basis of the doctrine. It might be urged that in this, as in other cases, the Church uses the Scripture as confirmation rather than as proof of her teaching, and that we are not bound to take St. Paul on the right of the sword as the only source of doctrine. M. Vanderpol would not deny this, but he contents himself with showing that the scholastic definition of the "just cause" was never wholly abandoned, and that modern theologians are returning to it. The volume ends with a translation of Francis Victoria's celebrated treatise *De Jure Belli* which forms the fullest scholastic treatment of the subject.

A writer who is acquiring quite a reputation as an historical novelist, Mrs. Stacpoole Kenny, has chosen for her latest book, *A Knight of the Green Shield* (Washbourne: 3s. 6d.), the stirring times of St. Louis of France and the Second Crusade. The saintly King himself is one of the characters, and the others form a judicious mixture of badness and virtue which goes to the making of an exciting romance.

The Very Rev. E. Vaudeur, Prior of Mont César, Louvain, has given us yet another book on the Holy Mass, which has been translated from the French by the Rev. V. Gilbertson, O.S.B. It gives us real pleasure to recommend *The Holy Mass popularly explained* (Washbourne: 1s. net.) to laymen, ecclesiastical students, preachers, and priests on the mission. The book is full of information clearly and simply put, and will abundantly reward careful study. After a careful Introduction of thirty pages, Dom Vaudeur divides his subject into two parts, the Mass of the Catechumens, and the Mass of the Faithful. Each prayer and rubric is explained without any undue parade of learning. With the desire of enhancing the value of future editions, we must indicate a few omissions which can easily be supplied. There is no mention of the difference between the Eucharist as Sacrament and Sacrifice; while it is still more remarkable that beyond the bare announcement of the four ends of sacrifice the author offers no explanation of them. For the method and extent of the action of the Holy Eucharist we turn to the leaders in the theological school, the interpreters of those luminous chapters, prefixed by the Fathers at Trent to the Canons or definitions of Faith. No book on the Mass should be considered complete without an explanation of the propitiatory power of the Mass, as a matter of the greatest importance to the faithful at large. Lastly, we expected more than a passing reference to the Solemn Requiem Mass. We must not forget to add that the book reads pleasantly, thanks to the skill of the translator.

It is a pity that a false note should be struck in the very first poem of E. Nesbit's *Ballads and other verses of the Spiritual Life* (Elkin Mathews: 4s. 6d. net.), for it may deter readers from getting nearer to the really beautiful harmonies within. We refer not to the language but to the conception, for the language throughout is apt and musical. In the opening poem, contrary to all Catholic tradition, a false contrast is set up between the life of contemplation and the life of action, to the detriment of the former: it is implied that continuous prayer and union with the Divine can breed selfishness, and that direct service of God if it is to be acceptable

must necessarily be mingled with service of our neighbour. And the same insistence on a half-truth to the detriment of the whole marks, curiously enough, the last poem of the book. Apart from these instances the verses in this collection may be read with delight and profit, for they are full of spiritual insight, governed in their expression by a sound poetical taste.

Another poetry-book of quite uncommon merit, though somewhat different in style to the above, is the Reverend G. R. Woodward's **Golden Lays of Olden Days** (Herbert and Daniel: 3s. 6d. net.), which title the author in his Preface wishes modestly to refer to the subjects rather than to the treatment. As subjects he has selected the persons and exploits of various saints beginning with those of what Protestants term the Apocrypha, better known to Catholics than to non-Catholic Christians. As for treatment the narrative poems are in the metre and style of "The Earthly Paradise," with an ultra-Morrisian employment of archaisms and homely touches, a characteristic indeed, that marks all the poems, and gives them a quaint and pleasant flavour. And they are all inspired by a love of the true as well as of the old, especially of the old true spirit of Christianity.

Amongst minor publications we must group together **The Catholic Crusade against Intemperance** (Burns and Oates: 1d.), a collection of papers including Dr. Hedley's Pastoral, intended to stimulate the faithful to combat the Drink Evil: **Doctrine Explanations, The Commandments Part II.** (Washbourne: 3d.), another instalment of the Notre Dame commentary on the Catechism: **Spoiling the Divine Feast** (Washbourne: 1d.), by Father de Zulueta, an exhortation to parents to be more regardful of their children's rights to frequent Communion: **The Gospel in Africa** (Angelus Co.: 1d.), by Bishop Le Roy, C.S.Sr., an account of the Catholic Missions there from 1822 to 1911: **Première Leçons de Catéchisme** (Bloud: 0.40 fr.), by l'Abbé Davot: **Panis Angelorum** (Gili: 2.50 ptas.), a Spanish Book of Meditations and devout Practices concerning the Holy Eucharist: two amusing plays for children, **Better than Sacrifice**, by Gerald Marly and **The Delinquencies of Imp**, by N. P. Cassera (Washbourne: 6d. each): **With God: A Book of Prayers and Reflections** by Rev. F. X. Lasance (Benziger: 4s.). very well printed and arranged.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Dictionnaire Apologetique. Fasc. VII. Pp. 319. Price, 5.00 fr. 1911.

BENNETT AND CO., London.

The Ten Talents. By H. K. Gornall, M.A. Pp. viii, 128. Price, 3s. 1911.

Short Essays in Constructive Philosophy. By J. C. Wordsworth. Pp. viii, 160.

Price, 3s. 1911. *A Little Orthodox Manual.* Translated by F. W. G.

Campbell, LL.D. Pp. x, 148. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911.

BENZIGER, New York.

The Peril of Dionysio. By Mary Mannix. Pp. 183. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1912.

New Series of Homilies for the whole Year. Translated from the Italian of the Bishop of Cremona by the R.R. Dr. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville. Vols. V. and VI. Pp. 341, 315. Price (the two), \$2.50. 1912.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

The Crusade against Intemperance. Pp. 31. Price, 1d. 1912. *The Catholic*

Directory. Pp. xi, 834. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1912. *The Catholic Who's Who.*

Pp. xlviii, 460. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912. *The Romance of a Jesuit.* From the

French of G. de B. d'Hagerue, by Francesca Glazier. Pp. 233. Price, 3s. 6d.

1912. *Peronne Marie.* By a Religious of the Visitation. Pp. 256. Price,

3s. 6d. net. 1912.

CONSTABLE, London.

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel: Sermons. By F. G. Peabody. Pp. ix, 300. Price, 5s. net. 1911.

FALQUE, Paris.

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